

GRAPHIC



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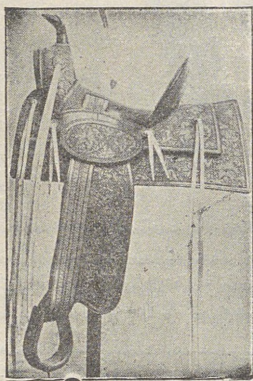
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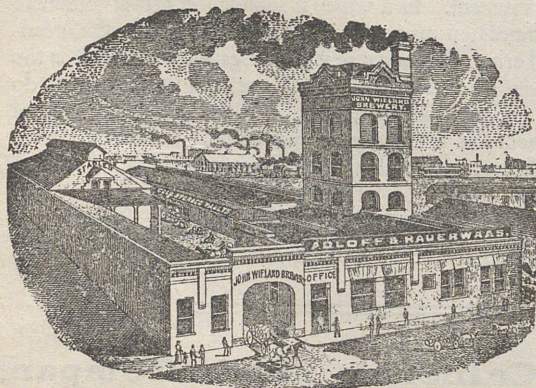
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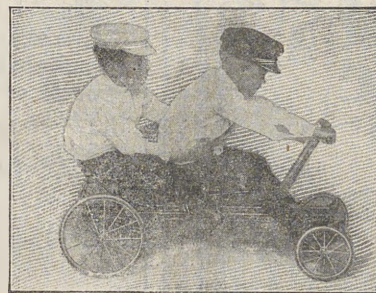
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Who's Who in Los Angeles.



Edwin T. Earl

Far be it from a humble sinner like myself to sneer at the miracle of conversion or scoff at the phenomenal transformations of character that occasionally test the credulity of even the faithful. I recall the instantaneous metamorphosis of the wicked Saul of Tarsus to the godly Apostle Paul, and here in our own day and city have we not witnessed the sudden change of heart of Edwin T. Earl, formerly the oppressor of the orange-grower and now the editor

of the Evening Express? Nor can such a change of heart be anything but a subject of sincere congratulation, for before this now pious person saw a great white light in abandoning the fruit for the newspaper business it could not have been much worse. By no means bad in the scales by which the world measures men, for a million dollars atones for a multitude of sins. Even the subjugated orange-growers that begged for money at the steps of the

Earl chariots, or rather the Earl Fruit Express cars, admired the smartness and the mercilessness of his endeavor. Indeed as recorded in one of the Times's "Fads and Fancies," called, I believe "Men of Achievement in the Great Southwest"—at so much per achievement—"No History of Southern California would be complete without a sketch of Edwin T. Earl." No, indeed, even if Edwin T. Earl today adorns a prominent place in Gen. Otis's Index Expurgatorius. Earl and the General were once, and not so long ago either, excellent friends. They were next-door neighbors hard by the placid waters of Westlake and it was at Otis's feet that this budding journalist sat and learned some of the secrets of building up a great daily in Los Angeles. At that time Mr. Earl was particularly interested in the Otisian methods of blacklisting men and alas—women, too. But all this may well be expunged from this Earlian record, for Edwin T. no longer smiles at Harrison Gray across their mutual fence and Edwin T., to his credit be it said, has forgotten many of the lessons that his first newspaper nurse and mentor taught him. He is trying, as honestly as he knows how, to publish a decent and God-fearing evening newspaper, and though his sins were as scarlet in the orange-shipping business he is striving to make his newspaper as white and as mushy as driven snow.

I have no purpose to write a biographical sketch of E. T. Earl. For those interested in his many inventions and various achievements allow me to refer them to the aforesaid write-up, which no doubt supplied yet another salve to a sorely distressed conscience and as usual in Mr. Earl's terrestrial investments was for full value received. There you will find the merits of his combined ventilator-refrigera-

tor car but not the charges therefor. Ask any fruit-grower about the magic letters C. F. X. and he will tell you even more. The car line, we are told, grew until it was operating about 2000 ventilator-refrigerator cars, representing an investment of about \$2,000,000. Six years ago it handled over 12,000 carloads of fruit and vegetables, when Mr. Earl received a very handsome offer for his interests in the fruit-shipping and refrigerator-car business "and concluded to retire from a strenuous life covering a period of over twenty-five years"—and other things which are also best left covered.

That the climax of this "strenuous life" had shown Mr. Earl the error of his ways cannot be doubted; in fact, it almost certainly helped to precipitate his conversion. In former days, Edwin T. was somewhat of a sport, but he has now abandoned the poker table for the prayer meeting and fast horses for fasting. He is a pillar—or, I think, a sidesman—of the church and prints his pastor's sermons with liberal effusion.

Life is too short and too beautiful to read the editorials in the Evening Express, but every one of them I am told by some zealous students in regeneration of character proves the complete transformation of its editor-proprietor. Himself corrected he would the world correct; abolish private car lines, saloons, race-tracks and all such evils, some of which in days gone by he himself patronized while others made him the fortune, which today is paving his path to as great Celestial success as he has and is attaining in this terrestrial globe. More power to his regenerated elbow, say I, and may he continue to lead us all—but not to the same destination as himself.

Churches and Divorce

By D. W. Fieldwin

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, if you were a good Methodist, and if you were caught going to the circus, or to the theater, or playing cards, or drinking whiskey, or indulging in a game of billiards, or dancing, or doing anything contrary to the Methodist Book of Discipline, you were haled up before the Church, and if you were not properly penitent and promised to reform your ways, then the Methodists cut you from the list of their Church Members. I do not think that the Methodist Church is nearly so strict as it was in former days, and its pillars wink at things that formerly shook them with ire and indignation. But the central fact in former days was that if you were not willing to abide by the rules of the Church, you could go elsewhere.

There was in this state of affairs nothing contrary to the laws of the land. No civil laws existed making any of these prohibited games and practices contrary to the Law, but the Methodist church, in its undoubted right, established laws of its own barring these things to its members.

Up to a few years ago the Presbyterian church adhered to the doctrine of "Infant Damnation." There is and was nothing in the civil law relating to the doctrine of infant damnation, but if you did not like this belief, as held by the Presbyterian church, you could go elsewhere.

The Catholic Church holds tenaciously to its beliefs on the question of marriage and divorce. When Bishop Scannell, of Nebraska, excommunicated all Catholics who attended the wedding of Congress-

man Kennedy (a divorced man) and Miss Pritchard, he was carrying to its logical conclusion the belief of the Church on these much discussed problems. In this instance at least the Catholic Church is assuming exactly the position that other churches have assumed on matters of belief and discipline. If Catholics do not like the stand of the Church, they have the privilege of going elsewhere, even as Methodists and Presbyterians had in the instances cited above.

The Catholic Church forbids remarriage of divorced persons. If a Catholic marries a person who is divorced, the connection between the Church and the individual ceases.

These remarks are occasioned by an article in a recent issue of the Times, commenting on Bishop Scannell's action. The Times says:

In the first place, it overrides the civil law and sets at defiance the authority of the State. It prohibits the individual from doing that which the State authorizes him to do; it punishes him for entering into a contract which the commonwealth has approved and certified to. In that the Roman Catholic law disputes, disregards and asserts dominion over the civil law, and seals its challenge with order of ex-communication.

Let us examine this briefly.

"Overrides the civil law and sets at defiance the authority of the state."

Nothing of the sort. The church simply says that divorced Catholics shall **not** remarry; that Catholics shall not marry any one who is divorced. Is there

any law to compel members of these classes to marry? If not—and of course there is not—then the rule is not in contravention of any civil law.

"Prohibits the individual from doing that which the state authorizes him to do."

Here the case is stated wrongly. The writer meant to say "permits" instead of "authorizes." So also does the state "permit" or "authorize" a person to play cards and drink and dance, and attend the theater, but the genuine old-fashioned Methodist Church forbids these things. And no one will hold that the Methodist church exceeds its authority.

"Punishes him for entering into a contract which the commonwealth has approved and certified to."

The individual Catholic knows the penalty imposed by the church if he violates the law of the church. The law of the church, as applied to its members, is not a violation of civil law. As viewed by the outsider it is an amplification of the civil law; it goes farther than the civil law. The only penalty is severance of church membership, with which the civil law has nothing to do and which may or may not be serious as the individual regards it. Depend upon it any Catholic who will violate the church rule is not a very good Catholic and doesn't care.

"Disregards and asserts dominion over the civil law and seals its challenge with order of excommunication."

Again a wrong conclusion. The civil law in this State grants an interlocutory decree of divorce and one year later a final decree. The Catholic church recognizes this legal separation, but says its own members so separated shall not marry or marry any person so separated. There is no disregard of the civil law—on the contrary a respect for its decrees, which the church takes as final in all particulars.

Whatever may be individual opinion of preventing people from attaining happiness via marriage, although the previous experiences of one or the other may have been unhappy, the plain truth of the matter is that the great body of church-people of all denominations are accepting, little by little, the tenets of the Catholic Church in dealing with the divorce problem. The Episcopal Church in Canada has accepted the Catholic practice and doctrine. It is a "safe bet" as the sporting element would say, that the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States will do the same at the next general convention. The last time the question was up, last year, the Catholic position was strongly supported by the clerical delegates, and only the action of the lay delegates prevented its adoption. Furthermore there are many ministers of the Methodist, Congregational, Baptist and Presbyterian persuasion who hold that what the law calls "statutory grounds"—a violation of the seventh commandment—constitutes the only valid reason for divorce and will refuse to marry persons divorced for other causes.

Los Angeles Women at Home

By Catherine Robertson Hamlin

IV.

Idah Meacham Strobridge.

No woman in all Southern California has had better opportunity to judge of the diversified merits of work and play than Mrs. Idah Meacham Strobridge, writer and bookbinder, who makes her home and shop in a great rambling bungalow out on Forty-first avenue. In the way that one who is given to painting mental pictures will, I had created a slender, willowy Mrs. Strobridge, her pale face lit by deep blue eyes and shaded with ebon locks. All the way out to the Arroyo Seco, where she has established her Lares and Penates, I tried to reconcile my imaginary craftswoman with the jolly voice that had talked with me over the telephone, but, incongruous as the two were, not once did it occur to me to reconstruct the being of my own brain. As I sauntered over a thick carpet of brown and yellow autumn leaves that was spread upon the woodland pathway leading to "Artemisia" I absorbed something of the charm of this bit of nature that lies hid within the gates of the bustling city and knew why, with other artists and writers, Mrs. Strobridge has cast her lot there. Like other creatures who love the wild, this woman who goes to nature for her inspiration has made her house as near the color of the falling leaves as paint can follow the tints of the Master Artist. No other shade could fit the surroundings as does this soft, dull brown, copied from Mother Earth.

As I rang the electric bell at the front door, or, rather, at one of the front doors, for each entrance faces one of the approaches, a matronly figure appeared at the end of the wide veranda and invited

me to enter. Although I recognized the voice, I asked for Mrs. Strobridge, still harboring a fancy that I might be right even while acknowledging to myself how entirely out of place the vision of my idle fantasy would be in the substantial workshop upon the threshold of which I stood.

Work for Work's Sake.

"I am Mrs. Strobridge; and you are the lady who asked for a chat with me," said the chatelaine, in courteous introduction. She was dressed for her work—there was no mistaking that fact. A long apron of a cheerful pink and white stripe covered her from neck to ankles; the sleeves were of the style that modistes call "demi-toilette," ending in a fashionable loose cuff several inches above the elbows. No words could have given the impression of earnest work that this garb did. As for the "shop," it is satisfying. What more or what better can be said? Evidently the craftswoman holds with William Morris that "nothing is beautiful that is not useful" and, carrying out his principles she has made tools of her daily toil a pleasure alike to eye and mind. Just within the door is a tall desk, its top holding a register that, except for the excellence of its workmanship, is the counterpart of that in any public institution. If Mrs. Strobridge should ever feel the fang of the wolf, this book might easily be the wizard to turn hunger aside, so many are the famous and priceless autographs inscribed there by those who are proud to show that they are friends of the woman who by her faith in the nobility of toil has invested it with dignity. The pens that tempt the visitor to enroll his name among those of earth's great ones lie in a wooden shoe that brings a vision of a land of dykes and picturesque peasant women.

On its side in quaint characters is the couplet:

O, the clang of the wooden shoon
It rings in my heart for aye!

Mrs. Strobridge told me that the sabot was carved from a bit of cottonwood by a homesick European peasant who bestowed it upon her before he turned his back on the new world whither he had been drawn by the lure of gold. Two business-like presses occupy the center of the room; bookcases take up the spare space at the ends and every inch on the sides is used for the different tools of the trade.

"When did you learn book-binding, and where?" I asked, my interest too keen to be repressed.

"In Nevada, on the desert. I spent many years there and the woman who has no occupation in that solitude is apt to grow rusty," was the ready reply.

"Then you are not a stranger to the gentle art of book-making?" I hazarded, my fingers eager to reach some of the volumes on the shelves above my head that drew the eye with a promise of a rare treat.

Mrs. Strobridge, following my straying glance, laughed a rippling laugh. "Those books are of double interest to me. They are my own stories that I have bound and—"

"Your stories?"

"Do you think that there should be a distinct line drawn between writing a book and putting it in covers?" she asked, point blank.

"Well, it is not what I expected," was my frank rejoinder. Then we fell to a discussion of how one woman has come into a two-fold heritage and Mrs. Strobridge told me of her happy girlhood days when, the only child and idol of wealthy parents, she had known no unfulfilled wish. She spoke feelingly of the sorrow that came to darken her life in the loss of the husband of her youth and of the broadening experience brought to her through the sweeping away in a few days of a vast fortune.

"I really never knew what the earnestness of life was until I went to Nevada with my husband," she said. "There were days that we spent in the saddle and, oh," with a deep breath, "that was the very fulness of existence. Sweeping on through the splendid stretches of country, never sleeping twice in the same camp, always learning something of what God meant His creatures to know. Once we took our horses and rode for weeks through the desert places



Miss Idah Meacham Strobridge

of Nevada, far from where any railroad touched and far also from a stage route. Never do I expect to have such another experience. That was when I got my material for the book that I have on the shelf, 'In Miners' Mirage-Land.' We carried our own camp furniture, to the minutest detail, frying-pans as well as cameras and notebooks. Only twice did we cook our own food, however. We were the guests of cow-boys at the various camps. There are wonderful sights on the wide desert! Once we found a series of caves. One in particular was composed of vast chambers, their sides and roof of chalcidony. The roof was of a faint amber darkening in the walls to pale green, which gradually changed to deep violet. It was superb!"

"The Government should preserve such places," I interpolated.

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Strobridge, "but it does not, and I hear that sheep herders have taken possession of that magnificent natural castle and that its sides and walls are smoked black. It was during the days and nights in the desert that I heard the stories that are incorporated in the book. There are many prospectors there. None of them is young; many of them are very old but all have some tale to tell of fabulous mines that are awaiting re-discovery. If you could listen to one of those old fellows and not imbibe something of his faith, why you are a stronger minded woman than I, that is all. Even a night of sleep, sound desert sleep, often failed to take the phantoms completely from my brain. That is why I gave my book the name it bears. Most of the stories have already been published though."

When, with one of the coveted books really in my hands, after I had feasted my eyes upon the perfect workmanship of the binding and had enjoyed the

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soft coloring of the text, I caught sight of the illuminated capitals, a note of wonder broke from me: "You are a witch," I said, "and it is not fair that one woman should have so many gifts."

"Isn't that illuminating beautiful?" Mrs. Strobbridge said, enthusiastically. "That is all done by my father and he is an old man. He came around the Horn and was one of the earliest settlers in California. Oh, I can tell you, I am proud of my father."

"But you surely do not spend all of your time at the press, Mrs. Strobbridge? I suppose though, that women are crazy for your work."

"Vanity, that is the leading passion," was the enigmatical response. "I recognize that and see how I am meeting the demand. I have created a bag of leather and hide mosaic," handing me a brown ooze bag, inlaid on the sides with a geometrical design formed of horse hide, the soft brown hair out. A cord of the same shade outlined the inlaid portion. The bag was lined with watered silk of a dull green and leather strings, the ends laced in what cow-boys call, "rattlesnake pattern," drew it up. "It is to be a genuine edition de luxe," said the maker.

From the workshop we wandered to the dark-room, where Mrs. Strobbridge develops her desert pictures, for she adds photography to her arts and crafts. Then, as one leaves a rare gem to gladden the eyes to the last, she led me to her den, which is hidden in the center of the house, unsuspected by all but those who know the secret of the sliding panel-door. It is a rarely beautiful room, filled with costly oil paintings, each one of which was a gift from a great artist. Each article of furniture, each objet d'art means something more than an intrinsically valuable possession. We chatted until the deepening shadows warned me that I must run for my car if I was to dine at home. But before I left I had learned how a woman, busy with household tasks, may gather the plot for a story and jotting it down place it in an envelope for future reference. Mrs. Strobbridge has six books formulated and material for two hundred and eighty short stories—and she does the housework for her mother, father and herself: "Method," she says, "is the secret of what I accomplish." Think of that, you idlers who would attain if you "could find time."

Ben Hahn's Ambitions.

Ben Hahn of Pasadena launched his boom a short time ago for lieutenant-governor. What he wanted it for is impossible to say, for there is nothing deader than a man holding that place, unless it be a Governor of California toward the end of his term. Hahn, I am now told, found so much support for his ambition that his friends are seriously trying to get him to go in for the main event, and run for head of the ticket. Pasadena once furnished a governor who in place of going to Sacramento during the trouble of the Debs strike, staid at home, because no trains were operated. I do not think that Hahn has any possible chance of being nominated, but I would lay anyone hundred to one odds, that if he were governor Ben would get to Sacramento under such circumstances if he had to take a hot air ship run by his own speeches.

"I sing up to 'G,'" said Marie,
"I've often been told so; you see,
Whene'er I sing high
The folks who are nigh
Invariably murmur, 'Oh, Gee!'"

—Kansas City Times.

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By The Way

A Disappointing Document.

The President's message to Congress is a disappointment. In the first place it is of such stupendous length that none but a man of leisure can afford to plough through it. Its essence is disappointing because most of it lacks the true Rooseveltian ring, the steadfast sincerity that has made Theodore Roosevelt the prophet of the people. Mr. Roosevelt is becoming skilled in politics. The country would prefer him to remain rigid to his convictions. The President is evidently inclined to temporize with the railroad rate regulation question. As a matter of fact there is no half way measure. The railroads must either be controlled by the Federal Government or run by big "pools" of capital as now. And what has become of tariff reform? What, too, of the ringing words of denunciation of life insurance companies' campaign contributions that we anticipated so confidently. Mr. Roosevelt's politics has hitherto been an open book; it is so no longer.

Mr. Balfour's Resignation.

The retiring premier of Great Britain has done his duty and fulfilled his very embarrassing promise to the King. It is an open secret that Mr. Balfour wished to resign at the end of the Boer war, when Mr. Chamberlain, looking for fresh fields to conquer, sought to upset Great Britain's free trade and succeeded in disrupting the Balfour cabinet. The King knew that trouble was inevitable in the Orient and

he wanted no war between his ally, Japan, and Russia with the "Little Englanders" in control of his government. He exacted a promise from his premier to stand fast until another war was over and Mr. Balfour has loyally sacrificed himself for his country. Jeered at by the ignorant, of the press and public alike, and frequently almost irritated beyond endurance, he kept calm and stood fast. Mr. Balfour can now afford to smile and resume his studies of philosophy and golf.

She said she'd sing some songs for him,
And he was sore beset;
She meant it as a promise, but
He took it as a threat.

—Houston Post.

For the People or the Corporations.

Even Gen. Otis may soon have cause to regret that the "Recall" can not be applied to the County Supervisors. There is precious little of the "Free" Harbor left at San Pedro. If the supervisors are faithless to their trust and represent the desires of the corporations instead of the rights of the people there will be none. Nor can the Supervisors, unless they are shamelessly derelict, ignore the advice of their own and the people's legal department. The District Attorney's office has given the Supervisors their cue. If they refuse to follow it they stand convicted as being owned, body, soul and spirit, by the corporations.

His Latest Pipe Dream.

"The wish" of course "was father to the thought" in regard to the horrid nightmare that obsessed the Times and disturbed the peace of a beautiful Sabbath morning. No "strike" or "tie-up," in this city except that of the Evening Express's newsboys which endured some thirty minutes last Monday afternoon, has been thought of for January 1 or any other date by any one except Gen. H. G. Otis and Mr. Felix Zeehandelaar. That is the simple truth. The Times has grown fat on such humbug but such an imposition at this time betrays yet another symptom of dotage. Of course, if there were such a strike, the merchants of Los Angeles would desert the Los Angeles Examiner, which is growing steadily in public patronage, and flood the already overflowing advertising columns of the Times. Hence those tears and evil dreams! Avaunt and likewise Huh!

City Finances.

About two months ago when the City Council produced its budget of revenue and expense for the fiscal year 1905-6, I stated in these columns that a little investigation of the figures by any one familiar with municipal affairs would lead inevitably to but one conclusion—that a deficit of serious proportions was inevitable before the close of the fiscal year. I based this conclusion on two facts, each of them simple enough to fit the comprehension of a school-boy of nine or ten years of age. One was that about \$100,000 of known and inevitable expense was omitted from the schedule, and the other was that no provision was made for contingents, which the experience of the past had shown averaged somewhere near another \$100,000. Thus the city was about \$200,000 to the bad on the showing of the budget. A third indication might be added, possibly more subtle than the others, but nevertheless reasonably obvious—that as every department had had

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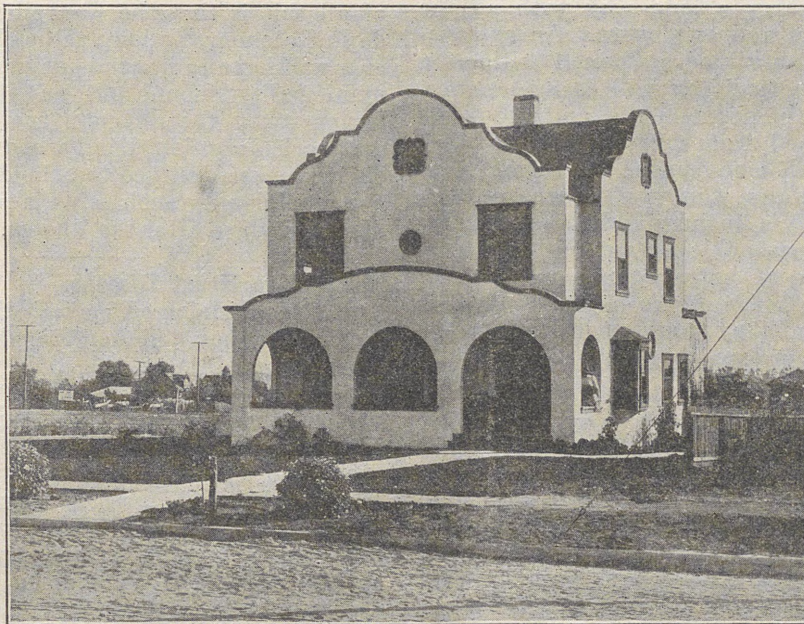
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its estimate cut to the bone, and as no provision had been made to prevent their overdrawing, the deficit was sure to be increased several hundred thousand more from this source.

Council's Responsibility.

Now under our system of government, the financial control of the city rests finally with the Council. That body allots the appropriations, authorizes all requisitions, and passes on all drafts on the treasury. True a certain measure of responsibility rests with the Mayor and with the Auditor, and the commissions and the heads of the various departments are in a position to influence their own immediate outlay, but there is only one financial head to our scheme of city government and that is the Council. Any plan of economy to be effective must originate with them and must be carried out by them. Furthermore, their example will carry a long way with all the city's force of officers and employees. An extravagant and reckless Council or a Council without a sense of financial responsibility will easily be overridden by the heads of departments, and the city's exchequer soon drained of its surplus. On the other hand, given a Council made up of intelligent, conscientious men of affairs who would make a thorough study of the city's finances and the city's necessities, shape up a reasonable budget, cut out rigorously all suggestion of extravagance in its own affairs and show the heads of the departments that it meant business, and they would soon have things brought into proper order.

\$400,000 Deficit.

Have we such a Council now? Nay, by Walter Parker, we have not. A nice mess they have made of our municipal finances, up to date, and a pleasant outlook for the future, indeed! The Municipal League has had an expert working on the books for some time, whose report has not yet been made public, but it is an open secret at the city hall that his estimate of the probable outcome at the end of the year is for a deficit of about \$400,000. That means that during the last two months of the year there will be no money to pay help or to secure supplies. Under the law the revenue of one year can not be used to pay the expense of the year that is past, so there will be no drawing on the next fiscal year for the lack. Nor is there any plan by which money can be borrowed to pay off such a deficit. The moment the city is out of money everything stops—police and fire protection, care of the parks, cleaning

of streets, work of the engineer and of the health department. The only thing that would be sure to go under the law would be the \$100 a month which the city pays its councilmen for bungling up its affairs.

Gloomy Prospect.

All this, of course, must not be allowed to happen. The present deficit must be paid back, and means must be devised to prevent any overdrafts in the future. But that will not be sufficient. In some way means must be devised to meet the expenses omitted from the budget, either by additional revenue obtained through a great raising of licenses, or a further cut in all the departments. The city will be sadly cramped and the people will be filled with anger. Every one of the present council will be swept from public life as a consequence—which is a matter of precious small importance. But the worst of all this is that the Council will put off the evil day of economy as long as possible, and the deepest cuts will have to be made at the very time when the municipality should put on its best front—next spring when the Shriners are visiting us. Before we reach July 1st, 1906, when the new fiscal year opens, we are destined to behold financial troubles in our municipality such as we never knew even in the gloomiest days after the "boom."

Must Have Heart Disease.

If, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," Miss Mary L. Jones and her friends must be suffering from pericarditis by this time. I am told that the library investigation, which should have been held some five months ago, if the supine Councilmen had not piffled and shuffled with their duty, will be again postponed when it comes up next Tuesday morning, as scheduled. The present Council has immersed itself in sundry kinds of messes but I do not know any mud that will more everlastingly stick to the records of the individual councilmen than this shameful dalliance with a duty that should have been discharged with courage and dispatch. Director Dockweiler plumes himself on the conviction that Mr. Lummis has "so firmly established himself in the library that he cannot be disturbed." Throughout this vexed controversy I have simply pleaded for justice to Miss Jones, who was either discharged for good cause or else that Mr. Dockweiler's long nourished plans of ousting a woman for a man might be consummated. Miss Jones, her friends and the public have a right to know the truth.

One of the Wonders of the World

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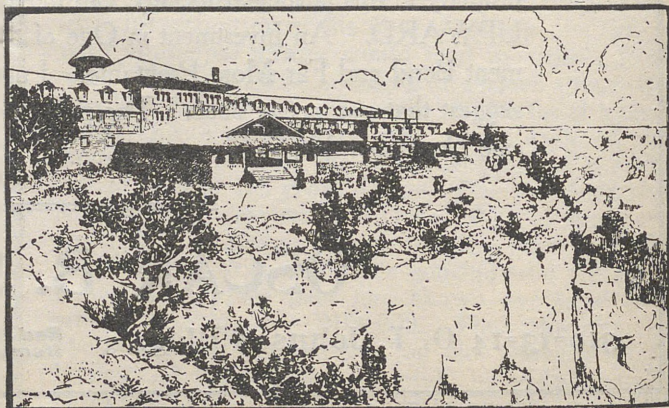
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ASK ANY SANTA FE AGENT

The Santa Fe



"El Tovar" The New Hotel at Grand Canyon of Arizona

A Petty Pretense.

I am told that the "reason" for the postponement this time is that Oscar Lawler "has another engagement." This is a threadbare and threadworn lawyer's trick. It is a well recognized "principle" in practicing a certain brand of law, that the first thing to do is to gain time and wear the other fellow out before a cause can come to trial. Mr. Lawler knew perfectly well many weeks ago that this library investigation was scheduled for December 12. He makes another appointment for identically the same time and depends on a complacent Council to postpone this library inquiry. If this investigation were before a Judge and a lawfully constituted court, and if the Judge had any backbone, Mr. Lawler's excuse would not be accepted. The case would go to trial without him. But I expect nothing so "harsh" from a city council like the one now in office.

Dr. Jones's Examination.

Dr. C. J. K. Jones, the lately and specially appointed "Director of Research" can only enjoy the tenure of that office for sixty days, unless before that period is ended he passes a civil service examination. I do not suppose that Dr. Jones will have any difficulty in coming out at the head of his class, since the thoughtful library directors carefully framed the alleged qualifications for a "Director of Research" to suit Dr. Jones's especial researches. Some of the friends of Mr. W. H. Knight, who for a time occupied the position of librarian of the Times, and was also for a few months the best editorial writer on the Times staff, have been urging him to present himself at the civil service competitive examination. Mr. Knight is certainly one of the best read men in Los Angeles. He would be an ideal "Director of Research" if such an appointment were meant to serve general and popular interests. I may be criticized for using the word "popular" in connection with the public library, but surely such an institution should primarily be for the people. You or I may be considerably more interested in securing promptly such general information as is at Mr. Knight's finger ends than in exploring the recesses of Dr. Jones's brain to lay bare more or less knowledge on recondite and abstruse subjects. The Library Directors have trampled upon the splendid traditions of civil service which that institution so long and alone upheld. Dr. Jones has to go through the form and farce of passing a civil service examination, that the directors may serve the letter of civil service and violate its spirit.

The Zubelin Lectures.

Professor Charles Zubelin of the University of Chicago delivered the first of a series of lectures on Municipal Problems last week, his subject being "The Training of the Citizen of the Twentieth Century School." It was a masterly analysis of the problems and perplexities which confront the honest and public-spirited citizen but I regret to say it was heard by only a small audience. This evening Prof. Zubelin will lecture in Symphony Hall, the Blanchard Building, on "The New Civic Spirit, or the City of the Future," on the 11th inst. his subject will be "The Twentieth Century City," and for the concluding lecture, on the 15th inst. his text will be "The Life of the Citizen." No true student of municipal affairs—and just now every patriotic citizen in Los Angeles is required for that study—can afford to miss the Zubelin lectures.

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Kremling Site Sacrificed.

Some weeks ago I urged that the daily press agitate the danger to the whole irrigation scheme of the Colorado River "desert" which threatened from a Denver railroad desiring to preempt its right of way through the Kremling dam site. The Kremling site had been selected by the engineers of the Reclamation Service as one of the two keys to the problem of irrigating the desert. As I remarked in the *Graphic* of September 16, "The Great Southwest cannot afford to lose 500,000 acres of irrigated lands representing \$50,000,000—for the aggression of any railroad." I showed by specific detail exactly what this Kremling site above the Grand Canyon meant—the storage by a 185 foot dam of 1,500,000 acre-feet of water. My advice to my colleagues was not followed to any noticeable extent. The Times, it is true, published a special plea for the protection of its owners' interests in Mexico, but the self-interest was too obvious to arouse popular zeal. The Express copied the *Graphic's* figures in a milk and water editorial. The Chamber of Commerce, I believe, called a conference but apparently exhausted its energies in doing so. At all events nothing was done, and now the startling and most evil tidings come from Washington that the President has instructed the Attorney General to dismiss the injunction suit against the Denver, Northwest and Pacific Railroad, which was brought to restrain that railroad from collaring Gore Canyon in which the Kremling dam site is located. The interest of the Colorado people in the projected railroad and the apathy of the people of California certainly contributed to the President's decision.

What did Senator Flint or Mr. McLachlan do to urge the President to prosecute this vitally important suit? It would be interesting to know.

What does the abandonment of this suit mean, unless, indeed the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce jumps in—and that right quickly—and secures permission from the Government to take a hand on its own account?

I am assured by one of the most competent engineers in the country who knows every detail of the reclamation of the Colorado River Desert scheme that the loss of the Kremling site means the abandonment of from 300,000 to 500,000 acres. When you recall the fact that the total irrigated area of South-

ern California is only 250,000 acres you may form some conception of what this loss means.

Three months ago I wrote, "This subject demands serious and immediate action. The *Graphic* earnestly recommends it to the Chamber of Commerce and the daily press."

Even Southern California with its splendid resources cannot afford to throw away an empire at its doors without a struggle. The Kremling site is absolutely indispensable for the adequate development of underlying lands. These lands could easily be made worth \$100 an acre; they are now worthless. Because the Otis-Chandler syndicate owns a considerable portion of those lands, and because these gentlemen, for whom as you know I entertain no especial regard, will become enormously wealthy if their lands are irrigated, is certainly no reason why I or any other patriotic citizen of Southern California should not put his best foot forward to prevent a private railroad corporation from despoiling the territory it proposes to traverse.

Gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce and gentlemen of the daily press, again I urge you to wake up.

A Danger Signal.

Water is the life blood of this country, and for this reason the *Graphic* as well as every other true publication in this country is constantly dinning this subject into the ears of citizens of Southern California. We have been earnest and industrious enough about the Owens River project at home but what have we done or are we doing at Washington?

Senator Flint expressed great enthusiasm when the Owens River scheme was broached to him last June. Later he did not seem so enthusiastic, perhaps—I hope so—from extreme caution, rightly recognizing that he is the representative of the State of California and not of this or any other section thereof. The senator no doubt has had the complaints of the Owens River Valley settlers laid before him and no doubt he is determined that their interests shall not be menaced. But when advised by the Government's own engineers of their good reasons for abandoning the Owens River for national irrigation purposes, surely Senator Flint should recognize such authority.

I am informed by absolutely reliable authority in

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- ☐ No time to lose. Make your Christmas selections now.

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Washington that the Owens River settlers are showing on Congress reams of unsigned leaflets attacking the Reclamation Service and Consulting Engineer J. B. Lippincott. While the Owens River people are showing this remarkable activity, and the power corporations are quietly but surely most aggressive—of which I shall have something to say later—Los Angeles has as yet no representative at Washington who is doing anything, as far as I can learn, to combat these activities. We need aggressive action at Washington and we need it right away.

Action Needed in Washington.

The private corporations who deal in power in Southern California have enlisted the services of an exceedingly active and dangerous attorney in Washington who has been busy for weeks prejudicing everyone he could buttonhole against Los Angeles's interests and project in the Owens River Valley. By the time Los Angeles "gets a move on" herself, it will probably be found that, as in the case of San Francisco, the corporations have already secured their innings with the authorities and the latter have already committed themselves against the interests of Los Angeles. Dilatoriness or negligence at this moment in Washington may eventually cost Los Angeles hundreds of thousands of dollars and in the end defeat the whole Owens River project. The Reclamation Service has done its part for Los Angeles; in fact, has according to the complaint of the Owens River settlers, now so zealously emphasized by the insidious mouthpieces of power corporations, exceeded its duty in so distinctly befriending Los Angeles. It is time for Los Angeles to do her part in Washington and that may pronto. Senator Flint and Congressman McLachlan should be made to understand at once what the people of Los Angeles require of them in this regard. It is the old, old story. The corporations never sleep, the people rarely wake.

Against the City.

While on this vital subject of water it is extraordinary but very wholesome to uncover the designs of individuals who pride and puff themselves on their civic patriotism and yet are perfectly willing and anxious to sacrifice the city's paramount interests to their own selfish ambitions. Over a year ago I published an article by Mr. William Mulholland, superintendent of the city water department, in which he irrefutably demonstrated that during the previous four years since the installation of between 70 and 80 pumping plants in the San Fernando Valley the supply of the Los Angeles River had steadily decreased, in exact ratio with the amount of sub-flow drawn off by the ranchers. The question still hanging fire in the courts is: Are the ranchers of the San Fernando Valley within their rights in drawing off the sub-flow of the river, without which there is practically no river? Mr. Mulholland proved conclusively that we are **exhausting this source faster than it can possibly be replenished.** It is of vital importance to remember that the San Fernando Valley is still the sole and only present source of water supply for Los Angeles. Owens River is still 250 miles away and it will be at least five years, under the most auspicious conditions, before that great scheme can be consummated. And yet silly sentimentalism is still rampant in favor of surrendering the city's established rights, recognized as such for 125 years and perfectly well known to every

settler in the San Fernando Valley, who from time to time have been reminded of their precarious position. But this special pleading for the poor farmers of the Valley is not all silly sentimentalism. Beneath that cloak are hidden the personal motives of Gen. H. G. Otis, who has large holdings in the San Fernando Valley and who is constantly urging the City to abandon its litigation for the confirmation of its absolutely essential rights. It is the saddest spectacle to witness this once honest old man, who when he was poor stood firmly for the people, now so engulfed by the lust for land and gold that he is perfectly willing to place the city in the keenest jeopardy for the sake of filling his already plethoric purse. As I have frequently asserted, one of the greatest dangers that threatens this republic is the prevalence of millionaire editors, who care nought for the public weal in comparison with their private interests.

Facts Rehearsed.

That there be no mistake on this score let me reiterate the facts in this case. The City Attorney is loyally and ably endeavoring, in a protracted and costly suit, to establish finally the paramount control and ownership of the waters of the Los Angeles river, as legally acquired under Spanish and Mexican law, and twice confirmed by the Supreme Court of California; and to put a stop to the extensive use of steam force-pumps by private parties, who are selling water for wasteful methods of irrigation, whereby the underground flow of the river has been already greatly lessened, causing at one time last summer a very serious scarcity of water for drinking and other domestic uses.

Although a large portion of the San Fernando Valley consists of quicksands through which water freely percolates as through a sieve, sometimes coming to the surface, but largely running underground, the Times is viciously doing all it can to break down the efforts of the legal department of the city government to vindicate its just rights, by trying to prove that it was the intent of Spanish law to mean only the water that ran on the surface of the ground, when in fact it has been demonstrated that the installation of many powerful steam force-pumps has actually diminished to an alarming extent the flow of the waters of the river.

And all this because Otis is interested in lands up

Harris & Frank come pretty near to beating all records in Southern California in the matter of quick building, if indeed they have not put everybody else in the shade. The day after their North Spring street establishment was burned they let a contract involving the expenditure of \$6000 for an addition to their fine store at 337-341 South Spring street. This space, in the rear of the store, is 60 by 60 feet in size and the contract time for the erecting, furnishing, finishing and turning over the building to the owners, was placed at 20 days. From the day of the contract until now, three gangs of men have been engaged, and not for one moment has work ceased. The addition will be done on time and on the 18th inst. it will be opened as the boys' department of the big store. It is needless to say that Harris & Frank have done a fine business in their South Spring street establishment this month. All of the North Spring street customers have put in an appearance and the store is enjoying what merchants call a "rush time."

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the river; thus for purely selfish motives, jeopardizing a vital interest of all the people of this city both now and in the future. And he shamelessly does this while the suit is pending.

Spanish law was based on wise experience; in arid or semi-arid regions—and Southern California is a semi-arid region—the use of water for drinking and other domestic purposes transcends all other purposes, and for that reason wise Spanish legislation lodged the control of waters of running streams in Pueblos, through which or near which they ran. Any other policy would cause a Pueblo in a dry country to dry up, if patriots like Gen. Otis should go up the river above a Pueblo and steal or appropriate all the water and leave none for the people below to drink.

Sentimentalism and Dotage.

To quote once more from the article "Bung and Spigot" which appeared in the **Graphic** October 29, 1904:

"There is not the slightest doubt that if even half the area of the lower part of the San Fernando Valley is irrigated by water drawn from the subflow, the splendid heritage of the Los Angeles river will be utterly lost to the city."

While reaching out for big things it is the height of folly, it is suicide, for Gen. Otis himself as well as the rest of us, to abandon a little thing and yet the only thing that at present we have got. The Owens River scheme is still in the clouds; the Los Angeles River is a tremendous reality, deprived of which the fortunes of this city for the next few years would be critical indeed. It is high time once more to call a halt on this silly sentimentalism for the San Fernando Valley ranchers, and on the grafting schemes of Gen. H. G. Otis's dotage.

Outcault, the creator of the "Yellow Kid" and of "Buster Brown" has a warm corner in his heart for men in the newspaper business. Occasionally you will find a man who has achieved distinction in newspaperdom who turns his back on his fellows at the bottom of the ladder. Outcault entertained all comers at an impromptu lunch at the Angelus Wednesday noon. Invitations were open to every newspaper writer he could gather at short notice. The Angelus, by the way, has been the scene of many private dinner parties this week. The biggest public dinner of the week was that of the Southern California Medical Association, at which 300 persons sat down.

Lips's Incompetency.

Still another proof of the incompetency of Walter Lips, the Fire Chief, was adduced last Monday morning when the Coronado Hotel went up in smoke. Of course Walter Lips, himself, says that all was done that was possible for any fire department to achieve, but as he is an interested party, his statement must be given due consideration. Listen to what Miss Helen Mathewson, the lessee of the hotel says, supported by the statements of other guests of the hotel:

"As soon as the fire was discovered I ran out into the street, in my nightclothes, to sound the alarm. In my bare feet I ran from house to house in the neighborhood, trying to get central on the 'phone, but the 'phones seemed to be out of order. Finally, after circling the block, I found one that worked. Central said she would immediately notify headquarters. This was about 2 o'clock.

"By actual count it was forty minutes before the first

piece of apparatus—a hose wagon—reached the scene. Yet the nearest fire house is only a few blocks away. That wagon brought only one short section of hose.

"When, soon afterward, the first engine arrived, the driver drove up and down on Wilshire boulevard, shouting out: 'Where in —— is the fire plug?'"

"The engine did not have fire up. Almost on my bended knees I begged a fireman to get streams of water on the hotel, which by that time was a mass of leaping flames. 'Madam,' he replied, 'how can I get a stream on? I haven't got any steam.' I asked him why he had not, and he said because there was not any time to do it between the engine house and the hotel.

I quote this from the Times, because the Times is the special pleader for, or the special silencer of criticism of, the McAleer administration. When the Times will allow this much to get through its columns, the situation must, indeed, be bad.

And, by the way, how do the people like this state of affairs, due to the fact that McAleer would have former Chief Strohm's scalp? How long will this condition endure—a situation created because Tom Strohm voted for M. P. Snyder and not for Owen McAleer?

Moore's Rehabilitation.

I have always believed that Walter Moore was the most competent fire chief that Los Angeles ever had. Walter Moore had his faults—who has not?—but at a fire Walter Moore was all that could be asked of a fire fighter. Walter Moore, too, has paid the penalty of his faults, and no man should be more respected in Los Angeles than he. Whenever I think how Moore has risen in the last two years, I am sometimes tempted to believe that a man who has been down is entitled to more credit for getting up again, than is a man who has never fallen. I do not want this to be construed as a "boost" for Walter Moore for Fire Chief, but if it will set some people to thinking, the object of this paragraph will have been fulfilled.

There is no happier or more attractive way of entertaining Eastern friends than by giving them a genuine Spanish dinner. Senora Espinoza is the purveyor par excellence of tamales, enchiladas, stuffed chillies, etc. The Espinoza establishment is known as the Reina House, at 462 East Third street, and the Boyle Heights traction car passes its hospitable doors. 'Phone appointments to Main 3885.

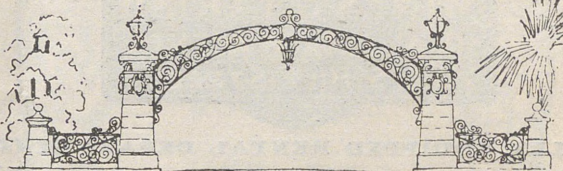
Lane at College.

No doubt the appointment of Franklin K. Lane to the Interstate Commerce Commission will be discussed at length by journals great and small from Maine to California. Being a personal friend of Lane, admiring his manliness, his firmness, his adherence to his ideals, his ability as a lawyer and as a campaigner, I have never been able to disassociate his later career with his life at the University of California. There are several residents of Los Angeles who knew him at Berkeley, among them W. J. Variel the attorney, and Captain McKinstry. I think these gentlemen will vouch for all I say of Lane. At the University Lane was rather an argumentative chap, not particularly popular with his fellows. He pursued a course of lectures in history and on economic questions, and devoted his attention to these with avidity. He was a ready and cutting speaker who cared for no man and was inclined to run rough shod over the "other fellow." I will never forget a three-cornered argument to which he was a party in the political economy class early in 1886. Bernard

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Business Manager

The Dobinson Auditorium is for rent for parties, receptions, musicales and amateur dramatic performances. The dancing floor is one of the best.

Moses, afterward Philippine Commissioner, was professor of Political Economy and one of the members of the class, aside from the writer, was A. C. Miller, now Professor of Political Economy at the University of Chicago. The class met at 11 o'clock and about 11:01 Lane, Miller and Moses locked horns. Moses was, and perhaps still is, an adherent of the John Stuart Mill school. For an hour there was a bewildering fire from three bright intellects. When 12 o'clock came, not one of the three was willing to quit. The discussion ended with this from Professor Moses: "Well, Mr. Lane," (Moses always spoke with deliberation and ground the words through his teeth) "I see that you have been reading Henry George; you are a pretty good exponent of the theories of Mr. George." Moses spoke truly; for in after life I have often heard Lane speak in unbounded admiration of the little San Francisco printer and editor whose works were the forerunner of modern economic thought.

Lane as a Newspaper Man.

Lane has had his experience in the newspaper office. After leaving the University he entered the office of the San Francisco Chronicle—he had acted as University correspondent of that paper during his time at Berkeley. After a year or two of this work, he went to Seattle and edited the Post Intelligencer. He studied law, meanwhile, and the newspaper business lost a man who surely would have made his mark in that field.

Public and Private Interests.

The resignation from the board of directors of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of Associate Justice Rufus W. Peckham of the Supreme Court of the United States, has been favorably commented upon by the press of the country. I do not see how Mr. Justice Peckham could have done otherwise under the circumstances. The incident, however, raises a nice question as to the propriety of officers of the highest court of the land, or indeed of any court, directly involving themselves in large private corporations. A few days ago I received a prospectus of the Consolidated Realty Company of Los Angeles. Among its distinguished directors I was surprised to find the names of two of the Judges of the Superior Court of Los Angeles county. Furthermore the official position of these two directors is carefully and conspicuously advertised. The most important feature of the organization of the aforesaid company seems to me to be, that one of the Judges has been elected president and the other secretary of the company. Now while I am fully aware that both of these gentlemen are conscientious and industrious in the discharge of their onerous court duties, it occurs to me that as long as the state is paying them liberal salaries, their time and their energies should be monopolized by the state. The provision of the state law that officers of the court are not allowed to indulge in private legal practice is of course an eminently proper safeguard. It occurs to me also that the state did not contemplate that the Judges should engage themselves in the active "practice" of real estate. I make this comment with the best of good will towards both of these gentlemen, for whom I personally entertain a high regard.

Mr. Mansfield's Forgetfulness.

Mr. Richard Mansfield is in unusually good humor, at least he was when he left San Francisco last Sunday before commencing a week of one-night stands en route to Los Angeles. His "business" in San Francisco was unparalleled and he was also royally entertained by the Bohemian Club, by the Bohemian Club, by the faculty of the University of California and others. He was feeling so good over it all that he consented not only to address the Friday Morning Club at the latter end of his engagement here, but also to talk to the High School earlier in the week. At this juncture, however, Mr. Paul Wilstach, who is Mr. Mansfield's able right hand man, took a hand in his chief's prospective engagement. He called upon Principal Housh of the High School and begged off the engagement on Mr. Mansfield's account, on the plea that the unusually heavy repertoire next week will seriously tax the actor's energies. In expressing his own and his pupils' disappointment, Mr. Housh naively remarked that the boys and girls would be grievously sorry because they much preferred to see Mr. Mansfield at the High School to seeing him at the theater. It probably had not occurred to Mr. Housh, as it must have occurred to Mr. Wilstach and Manager Wyatt of the Mason, that to see Mr. Richard Mansfield at the Mason Opera House would cost the pupils \$2 a head.

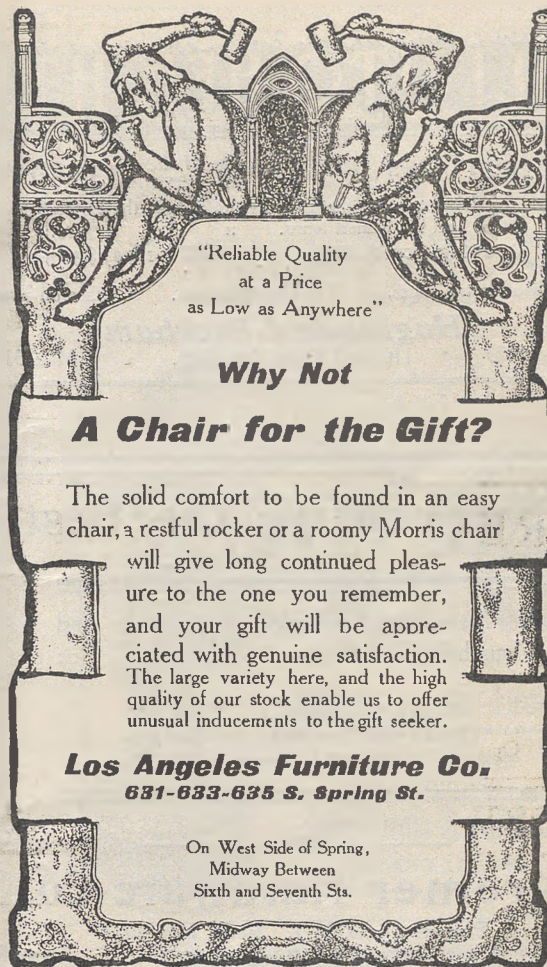
Dr. Campbell's Latest Autopsy.

The coroner's office has for several years been gradually but surely falling into disrepute and comparative worthlessness. As a rule, especially when the public utility corporations are involved, the inquests are superficial farces of a stereotyped kind. Coroner Trout insists that his juries are unexceptionable. They certainly rarely display ordinary human intelligence. When a fatal street car accident is caused by the criminal negligence of an employee, that employee should be made a public example of by being imprisoned for manslaughter. The district attorney's office seems to demand that the initial step of such process should be a verdict of manslaughter from the coroner's inquest. As long as we have political machine-made coroners we can expect nothing but white-washing of the interests that cause their election. But we shall continue to pay the coroner's fees without a murmur, and you may be quite sure the coroner or his deputy do not overlook any opportunities for fees. My good friend, Dr. Campbell, is so assiduous to his duty that last week he solemnly "performed an autopsy" on the skeleton of a woman who had been dead for twenty-seven years. This would be very humorous if we did not have to pay for Dr. Campbell's extraordinary and most humorous surgical feat. But if Dr. Campbell or Coroner Trout develop this grim line of industry I can easily conceive there is a fortune in it.

Christmas Pictures.

In the new art gallery of Sanborn, Vail & Co. you will find a most beautiful collection of moderate priced paintings—oil paintings, water colors, pastels and gold frames. Photographs, etchings and engravings in Flemish oak and carbon frames. Our prices are as low as anybody's and our assortment is greater than anybody's. Come and see the gallery

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Gage's Mysterious Mission.

Mr. Lyman J. Gage, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, who made a flying trip here lasting from Saturday night to Sunday evening, on some mysterious business mission, is said to be the personification of Mammonoly. He is described by those who know him as devoid of all ideas on any subject except business, and on that to be an authority beyond appeal. But despite his hardheadedness, and practise of the practical, he has two weaknesses; one is that he wears a wig, the other that he resorts occasionally to spirit mediums for financial advice. In the latter case it is an "odds on" bet, that he only listens to those spirits who tell him to do what he has already decided upon. Mr. Gage spent all of his time while here in the company of Mr. E. B. Miller. If that is any pointer as to his mission, make the most of it.

Then and Now.

During the "No Saloon" campaign the Express accepted and printed, for one day only, a page advertisement of the "pro-license" party. The Express was making a vigorous battle for the "No Salooners." The Times had no end of fun throwing the Times brand of ponderous dirt at E. T. Earl and his paper.

That was then.

The Times is now engaged in hammering at Ascot Park.

The Times-Mirror job office, the same outfit, is printing or has printed a million tickets for Ascot.

The Times-Mirror job office is printing the daily programs for Ascot Park.

General Otis's personal property, the Herald, is printing all about the races at Ascot.

When is the Times going to begin throwing mud at itself?

And where is Mr. Earl? There are positive orders at the office of the Express that General Otis and his papers are not to be attacked or mentioned in the Express. I wonder if Editor Earl thinks he can bask in the favor of the Times and its choleric editor, if he remains quiet? If he does, he is mistaken. The Times never makes a mistake and the Times never forgives. Put that in your pipe, Mr. Earl.

Davenport's Nemesis.

"De Mortuis nil nisi bonum," but still this is not saying anything bad about poor Davenport, and is the truth. I met twenty odd men on the evening of his tragic end, who said, "poor Davvy, he's gone beyond 'recall'." Whatever I may have said of him in the past, when in the heat of controversy, I can truthfully add now, that from the time of his political fall to the end, he bore himself with dignity, and with a poise that bespoke his confidence in himself. But what irony of fate was contained in that coroner's jury verdict!

Lights and Shades.

A political center nowadays is the Cafe Bristol. Both Theodore Summerland and Dr. Houghton make it their maporalty campaign headquarters. They notice that when they cannot get anyone else to discuss their chances, they sit at the same table and try to talk each other down and out. Theodore sticks to his red vest, on which Houghton when he wears his leggings as he usually does casts a shadow.

Midwinter "Jinks."

Although there is no Bohemian Club in our midst we have clubs that hold "jinks," which happy term must I think have originated in its distinctive sense in the San Francisco famous organization. The Sunset Club has its midsummer and its Christmas "jinks," generally of an impromptu character, which prove more hilarious and generally joyous than could any rehearsed program. Louis Vetter was dallying with the peasants and princesses of Europe last summer and consequently the Sunset Club abandoned its annual midsummer night's dream, but I understand Louis has been selected to take a prominent part in the forthcoming Christmas celebration which will be held in the Angelus Hotel on Friday, the 29th inst. No one could be more missed from these festivities than dear old "Deacon" Slauson, whose illness for the last few months has caused a rare flow of sympathy throughout the city. Mr. Slauson, who in days gone by has been in turn the Santa Claus and the Chief Justice of the Sunsetters has, I am delighted to hear, taken a distinct turn for the better and is daily gaining strength. It would be the best kind of a Christmas present for many of us to know that "Deacon" Slauson's health was restored. The Jonathan Club will hold high revels the following (Saturday) night, while the University Club will anticipate Christmas by holding its annual midwinter jinks on Thursday evening, the 21st inst., commencing at 6 p. m. and ending—Secretary Fielding Stilson only knows when and he won't tell.

H. E.'s Open Door.

A polished, educated man, who is intimately acquainted with Mr. H. E. Huntington, told me through the smoke of an after-dinner cigar this story to illustrate the electric railway magnate's thorough-going democracy:

"Yes, sir, Henry E. Huntington is a good fellow in the broad and true sense of the term. Not the unfortunate, degenerate kind of person that John D. had in mind when he inveighed against being 'a good fellow.' There is an instance I can vouch for, which is apropos of his democracy, I think. Before his last long visit to New York, he had business with

PERFECT DENTISTRY.

The person who does not have his or her teeth looked after carefully and at frequent intervals, is the exception rather than the rule, in this enlightened day. The question is not: "Shall I go to a dentist?" but rather: "What dentist shall I go to?"

Many who insist not only upon the most improved methods but in the utmost care and cleanliness are availing themselves of the professional services of Dr. Spates, 302 Remick block, 517 South Broadway. Dr. Spates gives his personal attention to all the work of his clients; there is no student or experimental work allowed, and those who have not been able to secure satisfactory results elsewhere are cordially invited to call on him. All work is guaranteed; if it is properly done it will not go wrong.

Especially attention is called to the fact that these dental offices are equipped with modern appliances. They are excelled by those of no other offices, including the best establishments of the east. We take especial pride in our plate work. Painless extraction guaranteed.

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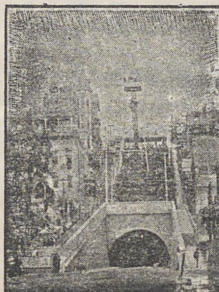


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The few days before Christmas are always days of anxiety concerning what will be the most suitable gift for your friends and relatives, and many hours are spent thinking what to give this one and that one.

There are of course thousands of offerings that are acceptable but in your giving you should not lose sight of the practical and useful side and should endeavor to choose the gift that will be most beneficial.

If you will consider for a few minutes you will see the advisability of giving a piece of furniture. A sensible, practical and useful gift. Regardless of how inexpensive or how expensive you wish your present to be you certainly desire it to be of the best quality. Furniture of the very best grade is the only kind of furniture we have. You should see our showing before you make your selection.

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one of his young men in his private office. Instead of H. E.'s calling the official to dance attendance on him, the mountain sauntered to Mohammed. To his astonishment the official's door was locked. Upon it being opened and after transacting the business he came about, Mr. Huntington quietly informed the young man that in future his door must always remain ajar, for the position he held is a semi-public one, and he must ever be accessible to any person that should call on him.

"There was no feeling expressed and the two parted amicably.

"After several months absence, and some time subsequent to his return, H. E. again had business with the same servant of the company; again he found the door fastened within. This time Mr. Huntington returned to his own room and sent for the young man. Without the slightest perturbation he said to the officer something like this:

"I have called you to say that I have again found your door locked. Your excuses of press of business and not wishing to be disturbed are futile. You have no more cares nor business to attend to than I have, nor more responsibility, yet any person can come into my office at any business hour and get an audience. I consider myself a public servant and I insist on all in this company's employment acting in the same way. You have been a first-class officer, you have done your work satisfactorily and I have no complaint on that score, but unless you can comply with my request to be always accessible to the public while on duty I must ask you now to hand in your resignation. I have no other feeling in the matter—indeed, I like you, but it's between you and the open-door."

"This," continued my friend, "I think speaks for itself, even if the occurrence was a trivial one. If the public were closer to Mr. Huntington they would realize that their interests are his. And, furthermore, that he is, heart and soul, in earnest to earn the good will and respect of the people."

For the Cat Show.

I am told that the Maiers, through Mrs. Fred Maier, have donated the use of the Chutes for the show of the Southern California Cat Club, and that the dates already chosen are January 18, 19 and 20. The show will be held in the building now given over to the bowling alley. The coops and other interior arrangements are already being planned. That the show will be a success is certain, for over fifty cats are promised and the entries will be many more than that number. The business of the show was given added impetus at a recent gathering at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Kriechbaum, 2300 West Adams street. About \$175 was raised toward the show on

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that occasion, and those who were present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gorton, Mrs. O. H. Burbridge, Mrs. F. C. Ferleyhough, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wolfe, Mrs. Blakeslee, Miss Jay, Mrs. G. C. Johnson, Mrs. Dora J. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Searle, Mrs. Wright and Dr. and Mrs. Kriechbaum. The club has added three new members in Mrs. Dora J. Clark of Downey avenue, Miss Mary M. Bakewell of Riverside and Mr. W. L. Wolfe.

Will Carleton Redivivus.

R. W. Priest, the fighting theatrical manager from Texas, who was here for six months last winter with the Olympia Opera Company, is back again, this time ahead of W. T. Carleton's opera company. Twelve or fifteen years ago no opera company was as popular as Carleton's. He practically had a monopoly of Pacific Coast business in that line and he made the most of it by giving good performances. He is sure to be greeted by a big house of old friends on his opening night.

The Times and Dr. Haynes.

I owe an apology to Dr. John R. Haynes and one to myself also for having dignified by notice anything that appeared in the Times concerning him. It is notorious that it you see anything in the Times concerning one of Gen. Otis's enemies it is not so. The Times attempted to hold Dr. Haynes up to ridicule by declaring that he had paid a sum of money for a complimentary "writeup" in the Herald. As Gen. Otis owns the Herald I assumed that he was cognizant of the transaction and did not suspect him of deliberately lying about his former friend and physician. As a matter of fact and truth, Dr. Haynes did not pay for the "write-up" and only gave the Herald reporter the interview with reluctance. "The General" was no doubt incensed that any person whom he is "pursuing" should have been given such prominence in one of Otis's own papers.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY. The Unique's Grand Suit Sale.

For the past five years it has been the custom of our firm, in December, to place on sale our entire stock. This of course means much to the women of Los Angeles, as they all know what a sale at The Unique means—the best quality, exclusive styles, from New York's best makers, all selected by our own buyer, who resides permanently in New York and spends her entire time selecting our stock. We do not hesitate to say that we have never carried a more handsome or better valued stock of cloaks and suits than that of this year. We have divided our entire stock of suits into lots:

Lot 1, suits sold as high as \$35 will be sold at \$19.50; suits that sold as high as \$45 at \$29.50; suits that sold as high as \$65 at \$39.50, and suits that sold as high as \$100 at \$49.50. **Monday** will be suit day.

Tuesday our entire stock of coats will be placed on sale. **Wednesday** our stock of skirts. **Thursday** our stock of evening costumes and evening coats. **Friday** our stock of waists and petticoats, and **Saturday** our stock of furs.


Everything in these lines will be found up-to-date, all this season's models.

Ladies, remember this sale opens next Monday, Dec. 11th, and continues all the week, ending Saturday, Dec. 16th.

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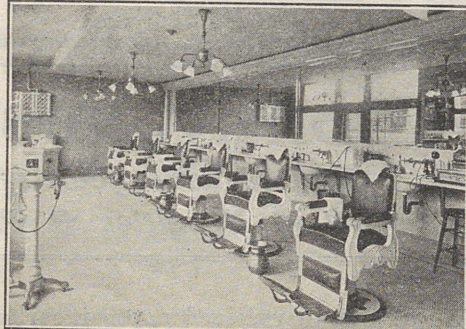
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Over The Teacups

The executive committee of the Bachelor Cotillions Club has shown admirable finesse in its selection of the twenty-five patronesses for its first dance to be given at Kramer's Hall Jan. 9. The Bachelors are determined to make their inaugural event the most brilliant affair of this or any other season. The ladies who have accepted the honor of helping the Bachelors out are:

Mrs. Hancock Banning	Mrs. Walter S. Newhall
Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow	Mrs. John E. Plater
Mrs. Arthur H. Braly	Mrs. Milo M. Potter
Mrs. Wesley Clark	Mrs. William Pridham
Mrs. Michael J. Connell	Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori
Mrs. James C. Drake	Mrs. Jaro von Schmidt
Mrs. William May Garland	Mrs. Edward D. Silent
Mrs. Frank S. Hicks	Mrs. Alfred Solano
Mrs. Albert James Howard	Mrs. Ezra Stimson
Mrs. Granville MacGowan	Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom
Mrs. John G. Mossin	Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys
Mrs. Randolph H. Miner	Mrs. M. A. Wilcox
Mrs. William G. Nevin	

It will be noticed that the only precedence given by the diplomatic bachelors is alphabetical.

Former friends of General and Mrs. Adna Chaffee are hoping that they may finally determine to live once more in Los Angeles. Just whether they will decide on Los Angeles or not is a matter yet of conjecture, but their affection for a legion of friends in Southern California has always remained firm and they have been given a royal welcome. The daughter of Gen. and Mrs. Chaffee, formerly Miss Kate Chaffee, was one of Los Angeles's belles during their former residence here. Just now the distinguished couple are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Henry Albers. Last Sunday the General enjoyed the Country Club's links and in the afternoon with Mrs. Chaffee was the honored guest of Major and Mrs. John H. Norton at a large reception. Among others who have entertained the Chaffees this week have been Mr. and Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Major and Mrs. E. F. C. Klokke, Col. and Mrs. G. Wiley Wells and Mrs. C. E. Anthony.

The home of the Harry Ainsworths at Redondo is fast nearing completion and will be furnished and finished throughout in time for the wedding of Mrs. Ainsworth's great friend, Miss Jeane Dorsey, who will be married the first of the year to Mr. Frank Richards. This event will be the opening function in the pretty home which will no doubt be the scene of many other happy affairs during the season.

Just now there is quite a colony of pretty young women at Redondo. They are Miss Lulie McGoodwin, Miss Alice Groff, Miss Dorothy Groff, Miss May Ridgway, Miss Jane Wilshire, Miss Katherine Ridgway, Miss May Corson, Miss Isabel Bulkley and Miss Ruth Bulkley.

Mr. and Mrs. Elden P. Bryan and the Misses Bess and Minnie Bryan with Miss Alby Easton spent Thanksgiving at the Potter, Santa Barbara. Miss Easton is living at the beach still with her sister, Mrs. W. G. Young of Ocean Park, but a great part of her time is spent with the Bryans here. The latter are preparing to move into their beautiful new

home in the Westmoreland Place. Mr. W. G. Young returned from New York last week.

Rumor has it again that Miss Ethel Mullins is soon to be married, the fact having been confided by the young woman herself to a number of friends. The name of the prospective groom has not been mentioned, however, but it is understood he is a young bachelor from one of the Eastern cities remaining here for the winter. Miss Mullins is the sister of Miss Mary Mullins and Mrs. Harry Ainsworth of Redondo.

The new book of Mrs. Carter Harrison, who with her son and daughter is spending the winter at Redondo, is entitled "The Jewel Princess", the title being inspired by the Moonstone beach of Redondo. Many scenes and incidents are built about this pretty strand of beach where treasures in the way of moonstones and other semi-precious stones are to be found, and the fairy tales are equally as fascinating as those contained in her two previous works. Mr. Carter Harrison will be here about Christmas to visit his family.

Miss May Ridgway, whose wit is the pride of her many friends, made a clever remark at a luncheon to her mother the other day. Mrs. Ridgway is fond of the quotation "when my ship comes in" and she promises something to her daughters, with the ship proviso. Said the elder Miss Ridgway, "Well, mother, it has come in, it's just outside your backyard now, but I don't see it's brought what you've anticipated." Truth almost wholly, with little fiction confirms this. Lying at an angle on the beach just below the Ridgway home is the Katy Flickinger, the schooner wrecked some days ago.

The engagement of Miss Elizabeth Huntington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, and Mr. John Brockway Metcalf, of Berkeley, has recently been announced. Miss Huntington is a charming young woman. She is like her accomplished mother and her marriage is looked forward to as an event in San Francisco society in February. Mr. Metcalf is the nephew of Victor Metcalf, Secretary of Commerce, and is a graduate of the University at Berkeley.

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Hollenbeck Park -- Take East First or Euclid Avenue Line.

South Park -- Take San Pedro Street Line.

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provide a quick but thorough means of gaining specific knowledge of the city and its surroundings. One by one places of interest are pointed out with terse comprehensive historical data by guides who are especially skilled and abundantly informed. THESE OBSERVATION CARS wind through the business thoroughfares, the residential sections, penetrate the oil districts, give you a passing glimpse of Chinatown and around the Parks of the City of Today and the Sonora Towns of a century and a half ago when the Spanish and the Mexicans were the only settlers. To ride upon one of these cars is to receive two hours of interesting and profitable entertainment.

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Phone Main 900

Autos and Autoists

Automobile men are chiefly interested right now in the proposed automobile boulevard to Pasadena, which is receiving the approval both of automobile men and of all others interested in the good roads movement in Southern California. Several donations already have been made, and in the City Council last Monday my auburn-haired friend, Dr. Houghton of the Sixth Ward, made an impassioned appeal to the councilmen as citizens to donate something towards this fund. "Pop" Blanchard, with his accustomed owl-like mien, moved that the doctor be allowed to contribute anything he wished. This was duly seconded and carried, but the city fathers did not "come through" with any munificent offers.

Under the able captaincy of Herbert Kennedy, the Examiner man who is directing Houghton's campaigns at present, the doctor got busy during the noon hour Monday and called up several of the automobile dealers, telling them that he stood pat with them in their movement for good roads, and meant to aid them in every way possible. In future I won't have any chance to say I can't remember the time when my pal from the Sixth ward got off right.

Of course, this is an Examiner matter, which accounts for Bro. Herb's activity, but it is a move in the right direction, nevertheless. The Examiner has given \$250, and others have contributed lesser amounts.

That hill-climbing contest Thanksgiving Day was the event of the month in automobile circles. First

place was given to a Premier car, driven by G. Bradbeer, which made the climb up the Box Springs grade in 6:43 3-5 minutes. W. K. Cowan in his Rambler was second, in 7:01 minutes. H. Hanshue's Reo was third, and took seven seconds longer than the Rambler. Ralph Hamlin made fourth best time in his Franklin runabout, the hill being negotiated in 7:30 2-5.

Among the first ten cars were two Reos, and one each of the following: Premier, Rambler, Franklin, Maxwell, Tourist, Moline, Reliance and Wayne.

A meeting of the Automobile Dealers' Association was held Tuesday evening, and it was decided to hold no race meeting this year at Agricultural Pak. Instead, there will be a hill climbing contest some time around the first of the year. Where it will be held, and how it will be pulled off, has not yet been decided. One thing is certain, which is that the contest will be in the hands of a committee.

"It will not be conducted in the slipshod manner in which the Thanksgiving hill climbing contest was held at Riverside on the Box Springs grade," declared Earl Anthony, secretary of the Automobile Dealers' Association. "That was run on a farmer's scale. The coming event will be something that will be conducted with no confusion, and everyone will want to enter it."

At the same meeting resolutions were passed endorsing the movement for an automobile boulevard to Pasadena. The association intends to do all in its power to help this project along. One hundred dollars has already been contributed by the association towards the building of this boulevard, and the dealers promise later on to give liberally, if there is hope of the success of the undertaking.

Los Angeles Jockey Club ASCOT PARK

FRIDAY, Dec. 8---Steeplechase Handicap, Short Course.
SATURDAY, Dec. 9---Riverside Handicap, One Mile,
\$1000 added.

The Highest Class of Horses ever on the
Pacific Coast are at the Ascot Track

Racing Every Week Day at 1:40 p. m.

Two new members were admitted into the association. They were the Success and the Smith Automobile companies.

The Western Motor Car Company, 417 South Hill street, has been doing a big business with 1906 automobiles. They handle the Stevens-Duryea, Packard, Pope-Toledo and Thomas.

J. Ross Clark, vice president of the Salt Lake railroad, has purchased a four cylinder Stevens-Duryea, and Dr. Norman Bridge has bought another.

Packards have been secured by Chauncey Clark, P. L. Auten of Pasadena and C. D. Callery. The new 45-horsepower Packard, just received from the factory in Detroit, is the largest machine of the kind in the city.

Although the Western Motor Car Co. has had no Pope-Toledo demonstrator, eight cars have already been sold. The latest purchaser was Charles Widrig of Long Beach. This car carried eight people and costs \$3650.

When the new 50-horsepower Thomas arrives it will take the lead in the size of cars. This car carries just as many people and costs as much as the Pope-Toledo.

Although the regular Packard carries only five people, it costs \$4150, and is considered the swellest thing ever. This car has an emergency seat, and on a pinch is capable of carrying seven passengers.

Quite an energetic hum is apparent at the local branch on Hill street of the "House of Winton," since H. M. Fuller has assumed control. Enlarged quarters will soon be at the disposal of the Winton people with the move to Grand avenue of the "Reo" becoming an absolute necessity. Mr. L. T. Shettler of the latter concern left yesterday for a two weeks' jaunt to Portland and the "Sound" country.

J. A. Rosesteel received a carload of Haynes automobiles last week and has disposed of them. He reports business good.

Manager Lee of the Buick agency has gone to the Buick Company's factory in Jackson, Mich., to arrange for the shipment of 1906 cars. At present the Los Angeles house on South Main street is minus automobiles, and there is "nothing doing."

Robert Atkinson of the White Garage is doing some "missionary work" for his company in Riverside, Redlands and San Bernardino, and already has sold three White steamers.

John Mason of the Mason Opera House has invested in a White steamer. Howard Huntington also has purchased a White, and took his first spin in it Wednesday.

W. H. Cole of Duluth, Mich., left here November 29 for Santa Barbara and Monterey and upon returning stated that he had found the roads in tolerably good condition. He is doing the country roundabout in a big White steamer.

There are no Oldsmobiles in stock at the White Garage, but the first carload is expected to arrive about December 20. In the 1906 cars there is a two-cylinder two-cycle car and a four-cylinder four-cycle car. The White people will receive the first consignment of these cars on the coast.

The automobile school of the Y. M. C. A. has borrowed a new Olds runabout for the benefit of those who are studying to become chauffeurs.

The new model K Winton demonstrating car has arrived in this city and is doing good missionary work for the Winton people.

Seven people in one car are provided for in type XII of the 1906 Pope Toledos. The car is 35-40 horsepower, and an extra seat in the tonneau makes room for seven people in all.

Tourist
AUTOMOBILES -
Made in
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Sts.

WOULD YOU

Like to reduce the tire expense of your Automobile
or Bike Buggy

Newmastic **WILL DO IT**

This is a plastic substance (not liquid) that takes the place of air. It is LIGHT and RESILIENT. We fill old or new tires. It will pay you to see us.

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329-331 S. Los Angeles St.,

Los Angeles

1906

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TOURING CARS AND RUNABOUTS

Model "F" 50 H.-P. Touring Car	\$3650
Seats 7.	
Model "K" 35 H.-P. Touring Car	2650
Seats 5.	
Model "C" 20 H.-P. Touring Car	1400
Seats 5.	
Model "H" 14 H.-P. Runabout	900
(Engine under hood)	

E. JR. BENNETT

733-735 So. Broadway

General Agent for So. Cal.

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet.

"How many days till Christmas?" Have you like your poor Lucille been awakened in the cold grey dawn by half a dozen piping young voices with that question, every single day, since Thanksgiving was safely disposed of? And have you mentioned to your pillow a few very unprintable truths about your idea of Santa Claus, and the tree, and all the other fairy lore connected therewith? It's all right after daylight—even we old 'uns grow keen on the quest of the appropriate gift for our friends—but for my part, at 4 or 5 a. m. on a frigid morn I don't care a snap of my fingers whether I get a "coaster," or an "automobile." Fortunately, however, our merchants are much more sympathetic. They know just how it makes or mars a Christmas for the small boy, if the desire of his heart does not "arrive."

But as you know, dear Harriet, the little ones are "easy"—the trial of this festive and expensive season is to find something for the manly chest, that does not excite a scorn of your womanish idea of the correct thing to wear. I want to tell you right now, that if you have the "needful" and your mind made up to make your owner happy, go and see a certain Paletot Overcoat at Mr. George P. Taylor's on South Broadway. He has also a new double breasted dinner jacket which belongs to himself alone, and is the toniest thing you ever saw. Your good man can come home in the small hours, buttoned up therein, and not feel at all uncomfortable about being locked out. It acts indeed as a covert coat having a couple of buttons in front to hide the nakedness of the dress shirt, and is altogether a most stylish and useful garment.

And to tenderer things let me convey you to Coulter's lace counter. There is a jolly pretty girl there, by the way, who shows you an abundance of the very latest desires in laces from the coarsest Irish Crochet to the filmiest of Point Applique. Nowhere else is there such a variety of styles of lace adornments as at this present in Coulter's dry goods store. They have boxes full of Berthas, ties, collar-

ettes, barbs, chemisettes and stocks in every sort and kind of lace that is real and handsome. Bruges lace is very good this year and Princess Louise; also Cluny Prose Point and Duchesse. Baby Irish still holds its own and is one of the most effective of these crocheted laces. So to Coulter's with your mind made up for Lace.

In the art department of the dear old Boston Store one's attention wanders just a little from the abundance of beautiful bits of bijouterie to the handsome maiden who controls the fate of this artistic place. Well, anyhow, I was about to remark that in this art department there is a superb collection of dainty things suitable for presents. One lovely table lamp consisting of two bunches of yellow grapes gleaming and glowing in the light. Sofa pillows, pictures, bronzes, brass work, Indian work and oriental things all beautifully arranged in comfortable order for selection. You can pick up some darling little pictures there at half the price of a regular dealer. A cute little novelty was a tiny electric lamp with bulb about the size of a hen's egg for standing on a desk or bureau. I told you about the tops on this floor before, didn't I? Honestly some of their mechanical toys are too cute for anything and I found much cheaper than in the common or garden toy stores.

I am shivering with cold, my child, at this moment and stopping every moment to "cambric" my poor weary nose, and being cold makes me think with a longing, half pain and half anguish, of the lovely selection of furs I saw yesterday at Blackstone's. A new scheme in the smart fur neck-wear is to have a deep collarette of mink or sable made of divided strips fitted round the neck and ending in long straight stoles down the front. A fur stock is another very good thing and they have some dandies at Blackstone's. You can buy a very good bit of real fur (not cat or rabbit) for \$25, and of course you can go up into three figures if you have the ready. Nothing appeals to me more than fur and it is vastly becoming, don't you know. This is not exactly a hint, my friend, but if you were worrying what—well there, a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse.

Well now I must try to give you some small idea of what is doing at the Ville de Paris, that magnificent new store. I had a delightful wander through the bargain basement—which is as big and as good as most whole stores. There half the place is given over to the small child. Toys of all kinds and descriptions are to be found there, books, puzzles, games, dolls and doll buggies, and such pretty Frenchy toys too. Cute little Christmas trees all

Gifts to Please a Man

☞ "To please a man thoroughly, give him something he must have—not some gew-gaw."

☞ That's a bit of advice that should be kept in mind from now till Christmas.

☞ If you're looking for gifts for husband or brother allow us to suggest shirts, smoking jackets, lounging robes, hosiery or underwear. If for somebody else's brother, why not a fancy vest, a scarf, pair of suspenders or a full dress protector?

☞ And aside from the fact that we have select assortments in all these lines, we are satisfied with dry goods profit on them—that's the long and short of the low prices that prevail.

Coulter Dry Goods Co.

225-227-229 SOUTH BROADWAY
224-226-228 SOUTH HILL STREET



The Gift Shop

Offers as Christmas Suggestions

Drawing: By Gibson, Christy and other noted artists, framed and unframed.

Pictures: Landscapes, etc., some of them in calendar combinations and worth keeping more than a year.

Cards: For those to whom you simply wish to send greetings.

Dozens of other things, equally gift-worthy and attractive

FORD SMITH & LITTLE CO.,
313 South Broadway

ready in their little stands, on each point a candle socket. First-rate for the Christmas dinner table and not too big either. I bought one as it is both quicker and cheaper than having a really truly growing one. Mechanical toys were bobbing along on the counters, the eternal Buster Brown seemed to be wound up for life and "Tige" also clicking after him. The Ville it is this Christmas for the very latest novelties for Santa Claus.

But if you should want to take, for a sample, the true meaning and inwardness of Christmas shopping and the holiday rush of purchasers, I should suggest one's taking a walk through the New York Cloak & Suit House on Broadway. It is the limit for bustle and "something" doing. Nothing like it in town. The first floor which contains the smaller female vanities and hats and gloves was simply chock-a-block when I went in to look around. Forty comely salesladies were doing their best to keep on smiling while three times as many customers "changed their minds." The agony of deciding among so many lovely garments seems to be finally handed over to the handsome and persuasive Mr. Haggerty, who by some psychic method seems to know exactly what is the inward idea of his fair customers. "Oh, Mr. Haggerty" said a rather tired looking sales maiden, (as I looked on in amusement) "please come and make up this lady's mind for her. I've been trying on coats for half an hour and she is getting more and more mixed up." A short two-step on the part of the manager, an admiring glance at the doleful purchaser and Ho! Presto! all was smiles again. She knew she had selected the one and only evening wrap that exactly suited her face and figure—as well as her pocket book. After looking at the lovely evening wraps, whole stacks of them mostly in white and lace and buff I attempted to take the elevator to the next floor. Here I received a nasty one, because the elevator being somewhat crowded when I arrived a stout party announced to the "chauffeur" "if she is getting on I'm getting off, it won't be safe,"—and I have been trying so awfully hard to diet and decrease this "too too solid flesh." I was hurt but she was frightened; so we evened up that way. Well, arrived on the top floor, one finds most charming fitting apartments (on the side) and in the front some beautiful glass cases full of dainty appointments for milady's boudoir. This is managed by Madame Dorée a very charming French woman who has evolved from her inward consciousness the manufacture of a perfectly delicious face cream. It can only be purchased at this "house" ply indispensable in rough or windy weather. Lovely manicuring parlors were full of "patients" being made lovely from the tip of their nails to the tip of their toes. Faces rather the worse for wear come out from the steaming process, going in at 40, coming out at 20 years of age. I saw a pretty woman insisting upon paying her bill. (Now wasn't that a silly thing to do?) Hubby was with her hunting up the cashier and I wondered with an overwhelming awe why she was so anxious to part with the stuff. When I saw her radiant complexion and unwrinkled brow I understood. The thing was nothing more nor less than pure undiluted "gratitude" coming out in places all over her. And so on through the whole vast building and though it is crowded and busy to the very doors there is no uncomfortable jam, or crush. Every one has time to wait patiently

and courteously on the madding throng. I was going to close this story of the New York Cloak & Suit House without telling you about something I discovered that pleased me very much. You know, hitherto, they have had millinery but strictly speaking I never thought it amounted to much. They must have engaged some kind of a rather "gay" milliner when they first went in, (of course everything couldn't be just perfect at first start) and I never did think their bonnets and hats had the style that belonged to this New Yorkish shop. Now however, they have evidently engaged an artist of the first water. I haven't seen any hats at all in town that have the dash and style of the windowful of beauties I pined for. There was a green one there of chenille in the cunningest shape, dashed up at the back and finished with a curled bunch of the loveliest green ostrich plumes. It was the way they were curled around that proved the delicate touch of an artistic soul. This new milliner, Miss Erlich, has really given to us some new ideas, but I wish I could forget that green one with the bunch of grapes in front. "From all envy and malice, good Lord, deliver us!"

Oh Harriet, I must tell you a funny little baby story that I feel sure will tickle you to death. I took my small daughter along with me this morning and as she has just learned to talk she keeps up a simply incessant chatter. So she stood on the seat of the car this morning and gazed in open-mouthed admiration at a very smart, very conscious and very pretty girl on the other side.

"I like you, pretty girlie," she remarked in her piping little voice.

Pretty girl smiled and blushed audibly.

"My daddy would like you too," came next, and the poor conductor was so convulsed he quite forgot to collect our car fare.

Well, happy Christmas to you.

Affectionately yours,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., December Sixth.

A young man from Pedee, P. Q.,
After leaving his home got so blue
That, when he had earned
The fare, he returned
To Pedee, P. Q., p. d. q.

—Judge.

Particular People

We take pride in carrying a stock of shoes that pleases the most particular people. The most critical could not find fault with the style, the shape or the appearance of our shoes. The newest ideas for men, women and children.

Innes Shoe Co.,

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Enjoy California's best climate at the largest all-year seaside resort hotel in the world. All outside rooms. Guests will appreciate the new and important changes. Every modern convenience provided, including long distance telephone in rooms. Chef of national reputation. Choicest and widest cuisine of any hotel in the West. Interior court—a rare tropical garden. Fine winter fishing and hunting. Unexcelled golf links and tennis courts. For further information address

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GERSON'S FOR GIFTS

Something for the Table?

Hollowware: Tea Sets and Chafing Dishes, Creams and Sugars, Baking Dishes and Tureens. Many new designs.

Cut Glass: Knife Rests, Decanters, Wine Sets.

Silverware: All the standard patterns of Flatware, Carving and Game Sets, Fancy Pieces and Novelties.

Perhaps you'd like something special or unique. We will make it for you. Our facilities for manufacturing are unexcelled. **Everything in Jewelry.**

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Girls' Collegiate School

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Adams and Hoover Streets

Academic, Preparatory, Primary Departments
Domestic Science, Music; Art, Physical Culture
College Certificate Rights

House Students Limited to Thirty-Five

Miss Parsons, Miss Dennen, Principals

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MISS TIMMERMAN

announces

to the ladies of Los Angeles
that she has just arrived from the East
and has located her establishment at
No. 208 FAY BUILDING
Third and Hill Streets
Where she is prepared to fill orders for
High Grade Gowns

Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Bumiller of Rampart street have returned from an Eastern trip.

Mrs. C. T. Whitney of 1127 West Twenty-seventh street left recently for a week's visit in San Francisco.

Mrs. Will A. Innes, Mrs. Willard J. Doran and Mrs. A. L. Cheney have returned from a visit to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Carhart have returned from their wedding trip and are at home on South Burlington avenue.

The Misses MacDonald of Dubuque, Iowa, who have been visiting here for some weeks, have returned to their home.

Mrs. Percy H. Clark and Miss Florence Clark have returned from New York and other Eastern cities, after a three months' trip.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Newmark have sailed for the Orient after visiting for several weeks in San Francisco. They will be away three years.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Ralphs, formerly Miss Lillian Rule, whose marriage was celebrated Sunday, will be at home at 1335 Arnold street after a brief wedding tour.

Mrs. Hancock Banning, Miss Adelaide Brown and Miss Mabel Horn returned this week from Catalina, where Mrs. Banning entertained a house party at Descanso for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brooks Perkins returned to San Francisco this week from Europe. They are expected in Los Angeles shortly to superintend the building of their new home in Pasadena.

Mr. William Sproule of the Southern Pacific, who has many warm friends in Southern California, married last Tuesday in San Francisco Mrs. Marie Baldwin, daughter of Mrs. Veronica Baldwin.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip L. Wilson are on their way home from New York, their wedding trip being interrupted by the news of the serious illness of Mr. Wilson's mother, Mrs. Katherine Wilson of 1103 West Seventh street.



You Furnish
the Girl
We'll Furnish
the House
BARKER BROS.
CARPETS FURNITURE
AND DRAPERIES

What about the CHAMPAGNE

FOR THE

WEDDING?

Of course you want the BEST

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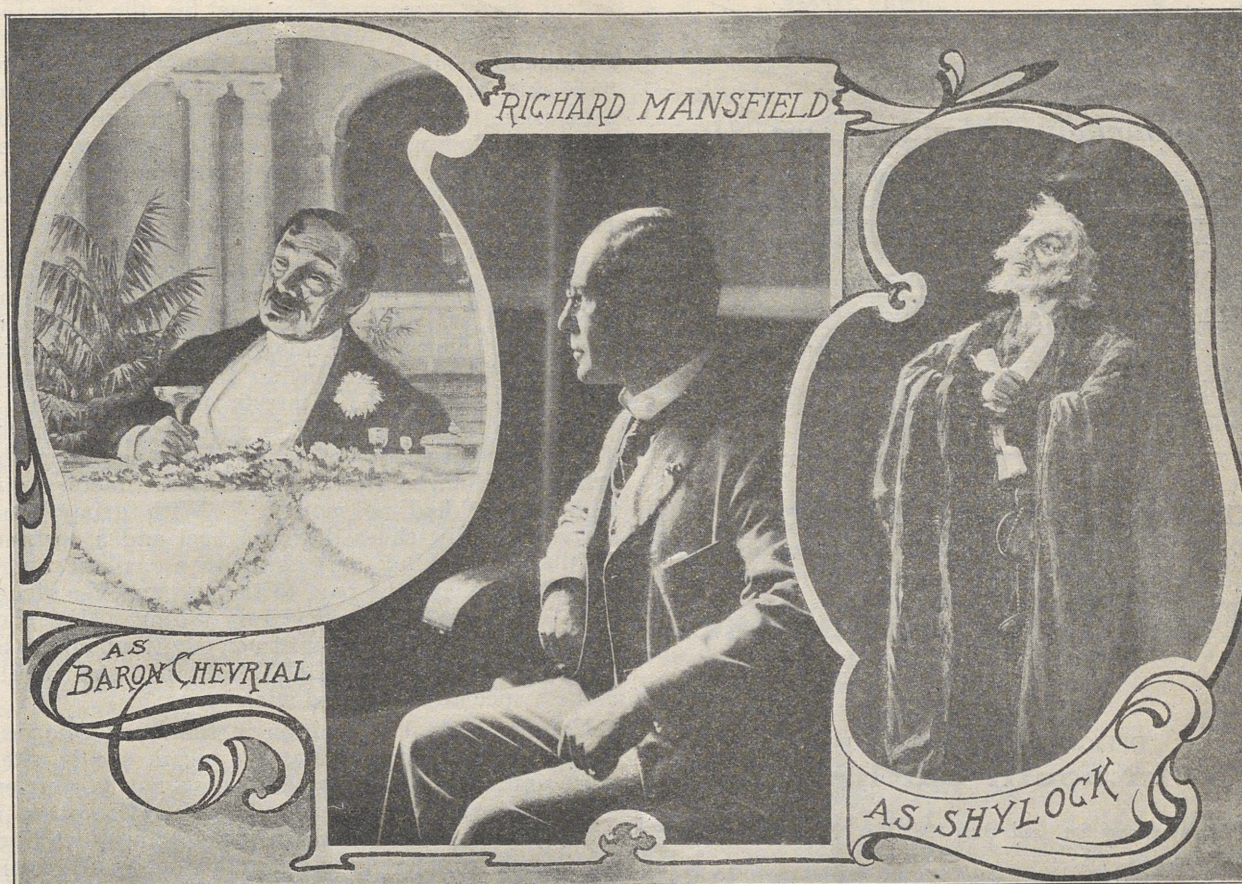
Is better than any other Champagne, every connoisseur admits that, but—Be sure you get the genuine imported direct from FRANCE, each bottle of which bears the following LABEL as a guarantee of QUALITY:



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SAN FRANCISCO
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST.

BEWARE OF
SUBSTITUTES

R. A. ROTH, Agent, 301 Bradbury Building, LOS ANGELES.



Receptions

- December 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Fred T. Griffith, 2636 Severance street; tea at the Country Club for Miss Roche.
- December 3.—Mrs. Mary Holland Kinkaid, Miss Fanny Duval and Miss Bla, 4537 Marmion Way; afternoon.
- December 3.—Major and Mrs. John H. Norton, 834 West Twenty-eighth street; for Gen. and Mrs. Adna Chaffee.
- December 5.—Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Valentine, 916 South Alvarado street; for Trolley Whist Club.
- December 5.—Col. and Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, Santa Monica; luncheon for Gen. and Mrs. Chaffee.
- December 5.—Major and Mrs. E. F. Klokke, Figueroa street; dinner for Gen. and Mrs. Chaffee.
- December 6.—Mrs. W. W. Neuer, 843 South Bonnie Brae street, for Woman's Guild of Christ Episcopal church.
- December 6.—Mrs. C. E. Anthony, 2631 Menlo avenue; luncheon at California Club for Gen. and Mrs. Chaffee.
- December 7.—Mrs. E. W. Britt, 710 West Twenty-eighth street; luncheon.
- December 7.—Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt; luncheon at Country Club for Gen. and Mrs. Chaffee.
- December 8.—Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Featherstone, 1150 West Twenty-seventh street; card party.

Recent Weddings

- December 3.—Miss Lillian Rule, daughter of Captain Francis Rule, to Mr. Frank A. Ralphs, at 319 North Belmont avenue.
- December 6.—Miss Alice Gwynne, daughter of Mrs. Joel Gwynne, to Mr. Frank Gillelen, in Christ church.

Engagements

- Miss Elizabeth Huntington, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Huntington, to Mr. John Brockway Metcalf of Berkeley, Cal.
- Miss Edith Morrell Plumb, daughter of Mrs. Mary Plumb of South Figueroa street, to Mr. Charles F. Herzog of Chicago.
- Miss Hazel Belle Rupert, daughter of Mrs. Catherine Rupert of 3020 Key West street, to Mr. William H. Elwell.
- Miss Edith Upham, daughter of Mrs. Sarah E. Upham, to Lieut. Robert Boyers, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A.

On the Stage and Off

A little over thirteen years ago Charles Frohman sent his stock company to this city to present Ludwig Fulda's socialistic German play in its English dress as to language, and American as to location, under the title of "The Lost Paradise." Henry C. De Mille made the translation and adaptation and the piece was received with much enthusiasm on its travels. It was given here at the Grand Opera house for four nights and a matinee to excellent business. There are some features about the cast that are worth remembering at this distance of time. The veteran W. H. Crompton was the heavy father; William Morris was the superintendent of works, Orrin Johnson the haughty lover, Annie Adams the mother of the heroine and Odette Tyler the heroine in person. Supordinate characters were filled by James O. Barrows, Thomas Oberle and Cyril Scott, while the women of no particular importance were represented by Mary Kingston, Maude Adams and Etta Hawkins. The last named was Cinders, the factory girl whose cheery good humor and irrepressible impudence afford most of the fun of the piece. Maude Adams, who was at the time under engagement as leading woman with John Drew, played the comparatively insignificant part of Nell the factory girl, a lame consumptive who has a hopeless passion for the manly superintendent. The young actress invested the character with so much pathetic charm, such quiet dignity and so much tender human feeling that it left a haunting sense of pity for the unfortunate creature who seemed to be so real that the feel-

Orpheum

Spring Street,
bet. Second & Third
Both Phones 1447

MODERN VAUDEVILLE

Commencing Monday, Dec. 11

MATINEES DAILY

Except Monday Prices 10 and 25c

EVA WESCOTT & CO., in "An Episode of Modern Life"
ESMERALDA SISTERS and four Flower Girls
DIXON & ANGER, "The Baron and His Friend"
WHISTLING TOM BROWNE,
CHARLES LEONARD FLETCHER, in New Character Studies.
TROBA, Herculean Juggler.
LUCY & LUCIER, in "The Fools Errand".
MOTION PICTURES.
Last Week of the FADETTE WOMAN'S ORCHESTRA, in New Selections.

Morosco's Burbank Theater

Oliver Morosco, Lessee and Manager.

Sixth and Main Sts
Phones 1270

"The Lost Paradise"

Next Week

DELIGHTFUL PASTORAL PLAY

"In South Car'liney"

Matinees every Sat. and Sun. 10c, 25c. No higher. Evening.
10c, 25c, 35c, 50c.

Grand Opera House

MAIN STREET
Bet. First and Second
Phone Main 1967, Home 418

The Family Theater

Commencing Sunday Matinee Dec. 10

SECOND AND LAST WEEK. A GREAT SUCCESS.

MELVILLE B. RAYMOND'S Cartoon Comedy

Buster Brown

5 FIVE 5
MATINEES

Sunday

Tuesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

Belasco Theater

Belasco, Mayer & Co., Proprietors
Main Street bet. Third and Fourth
Phones: Main 3380; Home 267

TONIGHT AND TOMORROW NIGHT LAST TWO TIMES

The Belasco Theater Stock Co.

In William Gillette's Great Comedy

"Because She Loved Him So"

Next Week: Commencing Monday Night, Dec. 11

In the Merry Ha! Ha!

"Vivian's Papas"

Prices: Every Night, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 25, 35 and 50c.

ing of stage impersonation was for the time forgotten. This little "bit" in the big drama has left an indelible impression on the minds of many who have since watched the rise of Maude Adams in her profession. Her acting is admired and praised by thousands today, but never could she have been truer to nature or more pathetic than when representing poor Nell the factory girl in "The Lost Paradise."

Manager Morosco has revived the play for his Burbank patrons this week and presents it with an excellent cast. The dialogue is rather tedious in the first act, but in the second act showing the factory interior and introducing the conflict between labor and capital the interests of the audience is thoroughly awakened and is sustained afterwards. The greatest surprise of the performance is in the acting of Blanche Hall as Cinders the factory girl who "never had no mother." With grimy face, straggling hair, shoes down at heel and a costume of dilapidated kind, together with a realistic tough accent, she plays the part to the life and her scenes with her booby lover are simply killing. Miss Hall is so at home in this kind of comedy, that might be called the Maggie Mitchell kind, that she should make a specialty of it and stick to it.

Unfortunately her position in the stock company obliges her to assume roles for which she is often quite unfitted for reasons which need not be enumerated. In serious and heavy parts the little actress is really a joke, in spite of the fact that along such lines her work is often loudly applauded by Burbank audiences.

Desmond has both his shirt sleeves rolled up in the factory scene. Morris used only to bare his right arm. This may not seem important but to a genuine artist no detail is insignificant. Desmond may become an artist. Jane Kelton as the capitalist's daughter acted with good judgment and discretion. Burton, of course, was immense. His lines are not long but they suit him, they are "fat," and he neglects no chance to get his applause. Ryder, Stockbridge and Southard have good parts and do well with them. Southard has much improved.

At the Belasco, William Gillette's three-act comedy "Because She Loved Him So" is the attraction this week. George W. Barnum plays in it one of his favorite parts, an elderly, fussy, married man. This one has lived with his wife for thirty years and they have never had a quarrel. The opening scene of the second act in which the old couple are discovered at table affords an excellent bit of refined comedy in which Barnum's quiet methods and careful attention to detail make a fine impression. The room is prettily furnished, but why the pictures on the walls are hung at such a lofty altitude is as hard to determine as it is to decide what architect out of an insane asylum designed the plan of the room in which the scene takes place.

Galbraith and Miss Lawton as a young married couple have some good quarreling scenes, varied with intermittent reconciliations. Miss Lawton is at her best in this not very arduous role and Galbraith is—Galbraith. Miss Farrington, as a Spanish dame of high degree, has certain tricks of voice and manner which are reminiscent of a popular actress of extensive reputation. Scott makes another hit, and the rest of the cast perform their allotted characters with painstaking care. The comedy is very amusing.

"The Prince of Pilsen" the beery title of one of the ever popular musical comedies has flourished at the Mason during the first half of the current week. It has been seen here before but in spite of that fact, or because of it, the attendance was up to the limit of the accommodations. The remainder of the week at the Mason is taken up with George Ade's "Sho-Gun" which comes on or goes off too late for more than a passing mention in this issue.

The Orpheum management has gone into high class music this week. The Fadette Woman's Orchestra, twenty-two in number, picturesquely gowned and pictorially perfect, discourse sweet music in most harmonious strains. An impersonator "from London," a juggler, a prima donna and the usual array of sketch artists make up a program of unusual attractiveness.

HORATIO.

Leo Cooper has been engaged by the management of Morosco's Burbank to present "The Merchant of Venice," at the Burbank on December 17th, Mr. Cooper appearing in the character of "Shylock." Mr. Cooper read Tennyson's "In Memoriam" at the Elks Lodge of Sorrow last Sunday and his rendition of the immortal poem added much to the impressiveness of the ceremony.

Mr. W. W. Heathcote's recital at the Dobinson Auditorium on Monday evening last was largely attended and the varied program gave great satisfaction. Mr. Heathcote's versatility exhibiting a range from child dialect up to Shakespeare was remarkable.

After the Mansfield engagement the Mason will be quiet until it is awakened again by our old friend Will T. Carleton, who will present what is said to be a rousing military musical play "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Trusty Tips

Mason—Mansfield's advance sale began on Tuesday morning, and with a regular old time Patti rush. There is every indication that this engagement will, in attendance and popular enthusiasm, be what Richard Mansfield will make it artistically—the greatest Los Angeles has ever known. In number and variety of production the lofty character of each role, the masters represented, and in every detail of presentation, the Mansfield repertoire for the coming week is unparalleled in the career of any single actor. It will be as follows:

Monday, "Beau Brummel."
Tuesday, "King Richard III."
Wednesday, "Don Carlos."
Thursday, "A Parisian Romance."
Friday, "Merchant of Venice."
Saturday, "The Misanthrope" (matinee); "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (evening).

Morosco's—The pastoral melodrama, "In South Car'liney," already a favorite here, will be revived next week.

Belasco's—"Vivian's Papas" is to take the place of the gentle comedy that is now engaging the talents of the stock company. It will not be a change for the better and I grieve to see Manager Blackwood condescending to such stuff.

Orpheum—Owing to the constantly growing

business it has been decided to increase the number of matinees and commencing next week there will be daily matinees excepting Mondays, the price for the matinees being reduced to ten and twenty-five cents. Eva Westcott will make her first appearance here in a short tragedy, "An Episode of Modern Life." The Esmeralda Sisters and Four Flower Girls will be seen in ne wand pretty dance. Whistling Tom Browne will reappear after a long absence with new imitations, and Dixon and Anger, comedians, will bring some new laughter material. The famous Fadette Orchestra will present an entirely new program, Charles Leonard Fletcher will change his repertoire of character studies and Troba the strong man and juggler, Lucy and Lucier in their comedy skit and new motion pictures will complete another big show.

Grand—"Buster Brown" has been crowding the Grand Opera House to the doors ever since it opened there last Sunday, and as a consequence it has been decided to retain this rollicking musical farce comedy for one more week to enable all children to bring their parents to see Buster and his funny dog Tige. There will be matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

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Mason Opera House

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Next Week Seven Appearances of

MR. RICHARD

MANSFIELD

Monday, Dec. 11, Beau Brummel; Tuesday, King Richard III.; Wednesday, Don Carlos; Thursday as the Baron Chevalier in A Parisian Romance; Friday as Shylock in The Merchant of Venice; Saturday matinee as Alceste in Moliere's, The Misanthrope; Saturday (farewell) night, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Prices, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c. and 50c.

Mason Opera House

H. C. WYATT
Lessee and Manager

This Afternoon,

Dec. 8, 3:30 p.m.]

First Concert—Ninth Consecutive Season

The Los Angeles Symphony

Harley Hamilton, Director. Mr. Frank V. Pollock, Soloist.
Season Tickets now on sale. Price \$5, \$4, and \$3.
Single seats now on sale. Prices, 50c; 75c,
\$1 and \$1.50. Special rates to students.

In the Musical World

Harold Bauer sees the new order of things, and he has no hesitation in sounding a note of warning into the ear of his brethren of the blinded eyes.

New York, Boston and Chicago are a trial by fire for the new pianist. Time was, I know, when the newcomer, with his poetic hair and eyes and the romantic stories concerning him, were accepted implicitly on trust. A Parisian or London success meant enthusiasm, flowers and women's tears in the big cities of America. This was all very delightful, I suppose, for the artist, and must have consoled him for his troubles on the other side; but it is irrecoverably gone. Nowadays a pianist must please his new public and critics before he is accepted. Nothing counts but the local success, just as in Europe. Chicago may like an artist who did not hit it off with New York, just as Berlin ridicules sometimes one whom Paris may call great. In other words, independent judgment in musical affairs exists in the United States now to the same extent as in Europe. This was bound to be the result of the drastic musical training which the American public has been going through for the past ten or fifteen years.

Of course. But not alone in the case of pianists; nor yet, in New York, Boston and Chicago only.

Mr. Bauer was treated with such marked cordiality by both the critics and the public, when here a short while ago, that possibly he does not know how small a candle is the independence of the big cities as compared with the calcium of our own Los Angeles.

The Big Three still keep Melba and Eames at the top of the ladder of fame, and are quite willing to pay heavily for the privilege. To us they are a past issue—and neither press nor public hesitates to tell it out loud.

"England's greatest basso," Watkin Mills, came here at the head of a much be-lauded English quartet—a quartet which was supposed to be adequately representative of the good Old Country, a quartet which, at all events, had found enormous favor in the chief cities of the Antipodes and no small financial success on American soil. Los Angeles gave him two scant handfuls of people and a corresponding deficit—Los Angeles in turn getting an editorial scorching from an otherwise exceedingly well behaved evening newspaper.

But, if musical knowledge and critical power go for anything, Los Angeles was quite justified in its verdict. Mr. Mills is, surely, no longer a singer at all, in the true sense of the term. The voice itself, whatever it may have been in the nineties, is now far too bare and crude to satisfy the artistic sense; and those who delight in the refined, voluptuous type of tonal quality, as exemplified, for instance, in Gogorza, could never in the world consent to sit contentedly under the Englishman's banner. Mr. Mills is, in truth, a capital character ballad singer, fecund of unctuous humorsities, and a jolly good fellow; but, for all present musical purposes, that is about all that can be said.

And, when Mr. Mills's company is critically analysed, the case is in no way bettered. Miss Kirkwood, the soprano, displays the inevitable Marchesi pinchment to quite the extreme limit; Miss Lonsdale, the contralto, with the best voice of the group, splurges largely, instead of appealing to the purely restful side, as she well might; and Mr. Wilde, the

tenor, with a really pretty ballad timbre, hies him to Wagnerian heroics and, of course, is but as one beating the air.

Thus, in these as in other instances, Los Angeles shows its independence of judgment and frankness of non-acceptance. And the day is still young. For, beyond all peradventure, there will yet be many a vaunted artist who will find us as cold as a stone or as coy as a convent maid—while others will proclaim us the most frankly impulsive and most gloriously exhilarating bunch of humanity that it has ever been their privilege to lift from the daily rut.

To the really great of the earth, to the unaffectedly sympathetic, to the pure and true and restful, we will be as the gentle rain after a summer's drought. But to the pretentious un-arrived, to her of the twangy and pitchless yawp, to the piano banger and the four-string twanger, we hoist the warning signals of aloes in your wine and icicles down your spine. And, we pray you not to forget it.

Lest our readers fear we travel a little too speedily for current taste let us see what the Chicago Musical Leader of November 23 says of the Eames recital:

Honors were about even at the concert given under F. Wright Neumann's direction Saturday afternoon, when Mme. Eames, Emilio de Gogorza and Josef Hollmann were heard in a programme with Amherst Webber as accompanist.

Honors went to Mme. Eames for her beauty, her hat, and the delicious way she smiled each time she tumbled off the key. She retained the smile nearly all the afternoon. To Mr. de Gogorza went honors for wonderful art and exquisite taste, and to M. Hollmann for the perfection of tonal beauty which he won from his instrument. Rare indeed is it for the 'cello to yield so much satisfaction and to afford such unalloyed delight as was given by the greatest of all 'cello players, Josef Hollmann.

Master of all languages, Mr. de Gogorza is also master singer in which to express them. More superbly finished vocalization than that he gave us could not be wished and his every appearance but increased the admiration of his hearers. That it was presupposed to be an Eames concert was apparently forgotten, since Mr. de Gogorza was obliged to sing double encores, even a triple one being demanded, but not acceded to. Such success may cause (as one critic opined) Mr. de Gogorza's dismissal from the company. In the Pagliacci prologue even memories of Scotti were obliterated so smooth was the tone production and phrasing and so dramatic its delivery; and consummate art was expressed in the various songs and encores. The Spanish Serenade was delicious, the French and German songs ran the gamut of emotions, and when "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" was given as an encore de Gogorza had established himself firmly for now and all time in the mind of the layman no less than the musician. A recital from de Gogorza is now an event to be planned and hoped for.

As to Mme. Eames, she was apparently neither in her best voice nor in her best mood, therefore her contributions to her own programme need not be commented upon. If her performance was up to her usual standard then there is very little to be said for the standard.

When Chicago can thus leap into the Los Angeles critical fold who shall say that the "reform of our present vocal method" is not already at hand?

It would be neither advisable nor practicable to publish all the correspondence which has been provoked by the singing-teacher, teaching-singer question. But two or three extracts from the letter of one of the best-known voice-masters of the city may well serve to close the discussion:

What the world wants today is natural singers, and natural singers were never made by imitation. Many of the most successful teachers have never been able to produce a tone worthy of imitation, and I pity the pupils of a teacher who has no ideal higher than his own vocal efforts. (Hot shot!—Ed.)

Then, again, how is a woman soprano to teach a bass student how to sing naturally in the chest register, or how can a heavy bass teach a soprano to use clear head tones by imitation? Carried to its logical conclusion your correspondent's idea would be for a teacher to confine himself to pupils of the same sex and like compass.

Randegger, acknowledgedly one of the greatest and most successful Italian masters (now nearly 74 years of age, and still teaching tone work as well as interpretation.—Ed.) says, "The cultivation of the voice is a study infinitely more laborious than that needed to surmount the technical difficulties of any manufactured instrument", and in his treatise he never even hints at teaching by imitation, nor does he appear to look upon the voice as "a condition".

I suppose that if we can let ourselves go candidly to the bottom of this question we would arrive at about this conclusion:—if a teacher sings not, and neither does he squawk, he has the highest contempt for a bald imitative method; and if, on the contrary, he sings, no matter how well or how miserably, he has an infinite degree of pity for the poor devil who is forced to resort to ideals.

And so, I imagine, we may as well let it go at that and turn to our muttons.

My friend, Walter E. Hall, the tip-top organist of Trinity, Pittsburg, and official organist of the Carnegie Halls of Braddock and Homestead, writes me this week, "Last Saturday night I gave a recital to the street arabs of Braddock (with a nice sprinkling of well-dressed lads) and after explaining the different tone qualities, etc., I played 'Under the Shade of the Old Apple Tree' and asked them to sing the chorus. It was a 'howling' success, and they were actually interested for over an hour."

Now what do you think of that? And how runs it as a hint for one more sphere of practical upliftment by our sturdy reforming friend, the Rev. Baker P. Lee?

Last year, about this time, the critics fell heavily on the neck of the Apollo Club's "Messiah"—but not, I fear me, for embrative purposes alone.

This year, also about this time, Mr. Barnhart, full of wholesome ambition and tense with bulldog grit, proposes to justify himself—and in this he does so far wisely. No true fighter will back out under fire—not even to fight another choir.

And, so, on the evening of Boxing Day, December 26, the Simpson is to be the scene of a valiant attempt to prove that the Apollo Club, with its solid two hundred or more determined, enthusiastic workers, can prove its right to at once exploit the greatest of all oratorios and acclaim its standing as the nucleus of the great chorus that is to be.

There is promised the best picked orchestra of union players that the city boasts, with young Mr. Bierlich at its head, and of the honesty of the promise I have no doubt, though I question the feasibility of drawing the best thirty men from their regular engagements.

The quartet of soloists, on the face of probabilities, average up pretty well, especially when the impossibility of securing first class visiting artists is duly considered. Beatrice Hubbell Plummer, the Chicago soprano, has had, if I mistake not, some local affiliations, though my memory of her work has faded.

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Frieda Koss, newly returned from German study, should stand the test well; and our own genial John Douglas Walker, "the best oratorio tenor Los Angeles boasts" (vide the **Graphic** in its youthful exuberance) may be surely depended on for a high traditional Anglo-Italian interpretation. W. W. Hinshaw, a Chicago baritone of repute, is somewhat an unknown quantity here, but I see he is under engagement with the Chicago Apollos for their production of Elgar's "Apostles"—than which nothing could well speak better.

The platform is to be extended so as to fill the entire space on either side of the organ, and in this way there should be afforded proper room for the soloists and orchestra. With all these radical changes, with the organ in Mr. Chase's experienced hands, and with many added qualities, there is certain to be a marked difference between the presentation of last Christmas and that of this year. And so wish we all. **FREDERICK STEVENSON.**

Mr. S. Wesley Martin

begs to give notice that his class for voice production and singing is now held at 7:45 P. M. Saturdays. Monthly tickets \$2.00. School Teachers free. -- -- -- --

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326-7 Blanchard Bldg.**TEACHER OF****Orchestral Instruments***(String and Wind)***Music Notes**

Today's Symphony concert promises to be a great treat. The orchestra was never so strong in numbers or in better trim, the program is of catholic interest, and the soloist, Mr. Frank Pollock, is distinctly one of the very best tenors ever heard in Los Angeles.

The finishing rehearsals are now being directed by Prof. Harry Barnhart of the Apollo Club, which now numbers over 300 trained voices, for the presentation of "The Messiah" to be given at Simpson auditorium on Tuesday evening, Dec. 26, a fitting date for the presentation of this immortal composition. Orchestral rehearsals are also in progress. The soloists include Mr. Ralph E. Hinshaw of Chicago, baritone, Mrs. Beatrice Hubbell Plummer, soprano, Miss Frieda Koss, contralto, and Mr. John Douglas Walker, tenor.

Ellery's brilliant Italians are giving noble music at Venice every day and night. There is a liberal and a free education for all who have the intelligence to attend the Ellery concerts.

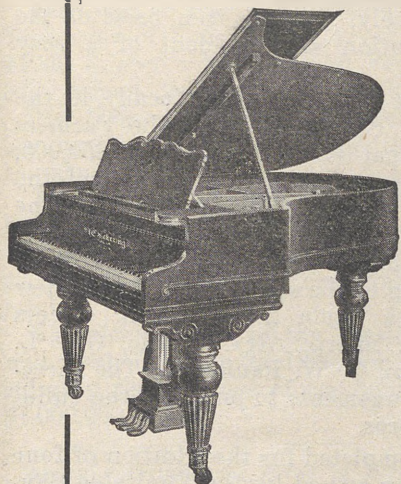
The first concert by the Beethoven Trio and the first of the quartet of historical programs to be given this season will take place at Symphony hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 15. The trio is composed of Mr. Bernhardt Bierlich, violoncello, Mr. Karl Muskat, violin, Miss Harriet Johnson, piano, who will be assisted by Miss Orecutt, accompanist. The Wednesday evening program is that of the old masters including compositions by Scarlatti, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and other masters of the quaint old-fashioned time from the invention of the violin and clavichord to the French revolution.

The next important local event will be the concert to be given on Monday evening, Dec. 18, at Simpson Auditorium, by Emile Sauret, the eminent French violinist, and Arthur Speed, a well known English pianist. Sauret claims the distinction of being "the last pupil of De Beriot," and has been a great favorite in both France and America. Years ago the German critics compared him, not to his disadvantage, with Sarasate. Arthur Speed is said to have an astounding technic at his command. The seat sale is now on at the Birkel music store and the program numbers are as follows:

Sonata, D minor, Op. 121.....Schumann
Mr. Sauret and Mr. Speed.
Variations Serieuses, Op. 54.....Mendelssohn
Mr. Speed.
Concerto, F# minor, Op. 23.....Ernst
Mr. Sauret.
RomanzeMax Bruch
ScherzinoEmile Sauret
Mr. Sauret.
Feux folletsLiszt
Ballade, Op. 47.....Chopin
Mr. Speed.
Introduction et Rondo capriccioso.....Saint-Saens
Mr. Sauret.

The second of the series of the Lott-Rogers chamber concerts will be given next Thursday evening, December 14, at the Dobinson Auditorium. The program consists of the Bargill trio, opus 6; the Kreutzer Sonata for violin and piano, by Beethoven; and the great E flat quartet, opus 87, by Dvorak, which will be played by Miss Rogers, Mr. Krauss, Mr. Wismer and Mr. Opid. Mr. Lott and Miss Rogers have arranged to give special rates to music students who wish to hear these concerts.

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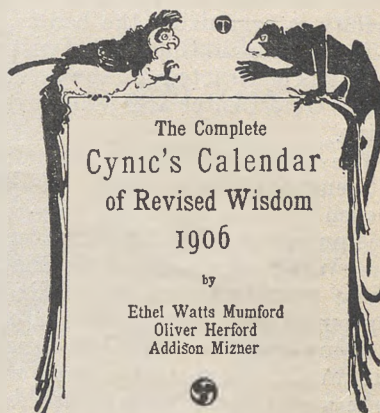
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Leaves to Cut

The complete Cynic's Calendar for 1906, published by Paul Elder & Co. of San Francisco, combines into

one volume all the clever twisted maxims, illustrations and decorations of the two previous years, by the now celebrated Three Wise Sages (Ethel Watts Mumford, Oliver Herford and Addison Mizner). Little need be said now in introduction of this witty bijou book. Since the little volume of twisted proverbs first made its appearance in 1903 it has each year gained in popularity until its mirthful changes of the old proverbs in-



Paul Elder and Company
Publishers, San Francisco

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Title Page by Ethel Watts Mumford

to rules of life for the twentieth century have become almost the accepted rendering, leaving one in doubt as to which form is authentic. "Nought's lost save honor;" "Necessity is the mother of contention;" "Pride goeth before and the bill cometh after"—these certainly are all sound philosophy, while "A little spark may smirk unseen;" "Many are called but few get up," and "Pleasant company always accepted," have a most delicious ring.

The last volume of the Biographical Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works contains some essays that have never before been issued in the Trade Edition. The book is called "Essays of Travel and In the Art of Writing" and there are twenty essays in all, fourteen of travel and six in the art of writing. The assembling of this interesting material in such an accessible form adds one more attractive feature to this most successful edition and all lovers of Stevenson will be glad to have these essays brought within their reach.

A new story by A. T. Quiller Couch is of as much interest on this side of the water as it is on the other for his reputation has long been an international one. His latest book, "The Mayor of Troy," is another story of the "delectable duchy" and unquestionably the best work that "Q" has ever done.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written a story that is one of the best children's books for this year. It is called "A Little Princess: Being the Whole Story of Sara Crew now told for the First Time." The illustrations are by Miss Ethel Franklin Betts and are beautifully reproduced in color.

Mr. Calvert Wilson, a well known Los Angeles attorney, who has made a special study of mining law, has published from the house of B. R. Baumgardt & Co. a valuable treatise on this subject with forms and corporation laws of Arizona revised up to date.

Financial

Highland Park will have a bank building at the corner of Avenue 57 and Pasadena avenue. W. E. Griffith is organizing the bank.

The Tonopah Goldfield Trust Company of Goldfield has contracted for the erection of a bank building in Gold Center and will move its business to that point.

The following officers and directors of the new Citizens' National Bank of Redlands have been chosen: A. G. Hubbard, president; E. V. Sterling, vice-president; C. S. McWhorter, cashier; R. J. Waters, W. M. Campbell, A. G. Simonds, C. B. Hoadley. These gentlemen are all of Redlands with the exception of Mr. Waters, who is of Los Angeles. The Citizens' National Bank which will open for business January 1, has a capital stock of \$100,000 which has been more than doubly subscribed.

A. F. McCroden of Cleveland, Ohio, with Horabin-McGaffey Co., Indian traders, have started a private bank in Thoreau, N. M.

The First National Bank of Glendale has incorporated. L. C. Brand is president of the new concern. Herman W. Hellman and W. H. Holliday have interests.

Stockholders of the Equitable Securities Company of this city have agreed to transfer their shares to the Metropolis Trust and Savings Bank of San Francisco. The consolidation will be effected in a few days when the Metropolis will transact the Southern California business through a branch office. It is said that the ultimate intention of the San Francisco institution is to establish a branch bank in Los Angeles. The Equitable Securities Company was organized last June and has offices in the Byrne building.

The new American Bank and Trust Company of

Pasadena has had its doors open for business for several days in its handsome building at the corner of Broadway and Colorado street. Business is said to be pouring in nicely, and the men back of the new financial institution are confident of a rosy future.

Very little interest is being shown locally in the new Japanese loan. Subscriptions at the Farmers and Merchants National Bank do not exceed \$50,000, and it is doubtful now whether the amount of the loan allotted to this section will be taken up. The same lack of interest is said to be shown in Chicago, though the loan is being freely taken in New York.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the new State Bank of Santa Paula the following officers were elected: J. M. Sharp, Alex. Valdie, Guy L. Hardison, John Irwin, G. W. Faulkner. The directors are making arrangements to purchase the building owned by Say Bros.

Plans have been completed for the addition of four stories to the building owned by the Equitable Savings Bank at the corner of First and Spring streets. W. J. Washburn, president of the bank, states that work will begin some time in April.

Bonds

The City Trustees of Long Beach will order a bond election for December 22, to vote a \$10,000 issue for the purpose of protecting the pier by means of a submerged breakwater of broken stone.

The Rindge Land and Improvement Company proposes to create a bonded indebtedness of \$1,500,000. The Holland Land and Water Company, another

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Rindge corporation, proposes to create a bonded indebtedness of \$400,000.

Bids will be received by John F. Schwarz, County Treasurer of San Diego County, up to Dec. 14 for \$1000 Silsbee school district bonds and \$1600 East Side school district bonds.

The Trustees of Santa Monica are talking about issuing bonds for the construction of a water works to value of \$25,000.

The citizens of the Ojai valley are to ask the Board of Supervisors of Ventura County to submit to the voters the question of bonding the district for \$25,000, the amount to be expended in improving the roads.

The stockholders of the Western Art Tile Works will meet January 30, 1906, for the purpose of considering the increase of the bonded indebtedness to \$1,000,000.

At an entertainment given in Birmingham, Ala., by unanimous consent of the guests, the prize offered for a recipe on "How to Manage a Husband" was awarded for the following:

"To a 'cup' of honey add a 'spoon' of love.
"Pour in carefully a quantity of 'sauce.'
"Season with reason.
"Stir constantly.
"Be careful not to let cool.
"Strain for the best.
"Serve with the right hand."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Paid up Capital \$150,000

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Member L. A. Realty Board

L. A. Stock Exchange

Western Union Code

Cable Address "Stilson"

305 H. W. Hellman Bldg.

Telephone 105

Los Angeles

SAFETY AND PROFIT

Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you **4 per cent** interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes For Rent From \$2.00 Up. . . .

State Bank and Trust Co.

CAPITAL \$500,000.00

DEPOSITS \$2,000,000.00

Dollar Savings Bank & Trust Co.

N. E. CORNER FOURTH AND BROADWAY

CAPITAL \$100,000

4% Paid on Term Deposits.

OFFICERS

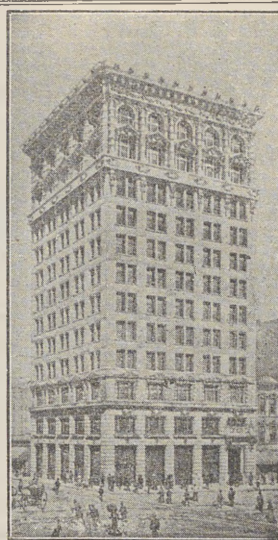
James C. Kays, President William D. Stephens, Vice-President
C. C. Desmond, Vice-President Wilson G. Tanner, Secretary.

DIRECTORS

W. C. Patterson William Mead Robert N. Bulla Oscar C. Mueller
C. C. Desmond Wm. D. Stephens James C. Kays

Safe Deposit Boxes For Rent \$2.00 and upward per annum

Open Saturdays from 9:45 a. m. to 12 m. and 6:30 to 8:30 p. m. to receive deposits.



THE MONEY

That maybe is burning in your pocket would be cool and safe here, besides earning **4%** interest if a term deposit and **3%** if an ordinary savings account.

Safe Deposit Boxes
\$2.00 per Year

Bank open Saturday evenings

S. E. Cor.

Fourth and
Spring Sts.

SOUTHERN CAL. SAVINGS BANK,

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Statement at Close of Business, Nov. 9th, 1905

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts .. \$9,483,901.09	Capital Stock \$1,250,000.00
Overdrafts 49,751.18	Surplus 250,000.00
U. S. Bonds 1,559,000.00	Undivided Profits 2,609,437.76
Premium on U.S. Bonds 55,169.24	Circulation 793,500.00
Bonds 787,100.10	Deposits 13,628,038.74
Due from U. S.	
Treasurer 87,500.00	
Furniture and Fixtures 29,240.23	
Cash \$3,055,418.64	
Due from other banks .. 3,423,846.02	
\$18,530,976.50	\$18,530,976.50

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

**4% INTEREST PAID ON
SAVINGS DEPOSITS.**
GET A BANK ACCOUNT.
ONE DOLLAR WILL OPEN AN ACCOUNT
CONSOLIDATED BANK
124 SOUTH BROADWAY.
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BLDG.
7% NO TROUBLE TO ANSWER QUESTIONS.

Christmas in Mexico

Interesting Pageants and Fetes—Delightful Weather

Special Train

Leaves Los Angeles December 17

\$70

ROUND TRIP

Optional return via Grand Canyon. Tickets good 60 days. Information at

261 S. Spring St.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Rubidoux Chocolates

Rubidoux are California's famous
Chocolates that are being demanded in
the east as well as in the west.
The pure fruit juice flavoring of Rubi-
doux gives them a daintiness other choco-
lates cannot have.
Packed in a variety of new, beautiful
Christmas boxes and sold by most dealers.

Bishop & Company

Four Gold Medals, Portland Exposition --
Jellies, Jams, Preserves; Crystallized Fruits; Cat-
sup, and one for General Exhibit.

Two Demijohns of Puritas



are just like each other and all other Puritas demijohns
in unvarying, absolute purity of their sparkling contents.

No water is pure except that purified by distillation.
No distilled water obtainable here is **reliably** pure ex-
cept Puritas. That's because of double distillation, aera-
tion with twice filtered air, and the greatest care in bot-
tling.

The cork seal insures the benefit to **you** of all these
precautions for cleanliness.

**Phone Exchange 6
5 Gallons, 40c.**

**Los Angeles Ice & Cold
Storage Co.**

H. JEVNE CO.

Holiday Perfumes

A complete assortment of high-class im-
ported holiday perfumes, comprising all
the latest odors, now awaits your selection
in our well-equipped perfume department.
All the choicest products of the following
famous perfumes---Roger & Gallet, L.
T. Piver, Richard Hudnut and Ed. Pi-
naud. Our perfumes are rich, delicious,
fragrant and lasting. They possess the
true odor of freshly picked flowers. All
the celebrated toilet waters will also be
found in this department. Remember
that perfume buying at Jevne's is safe--
and prices are always reasonable.

**208-210 South Spring Street
Wilcox Building**



There's no need of ever being without cream
in the house -- and all you want.

Order several cans of Lily Cream at a time
from your grocer -- every can keeps. And
every can is filled with a rich, heavy, double
thick cream; delicious for coffee and with a
pint of water added just rich enough for fruit
and cereals. Have this inexpensive convenience
and luxury in your home.

**Pacific Creamery Co.,
Los Angeles**